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An Illustrated Weekly Magazine
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By GEORGE RANDOLPH CHESTER

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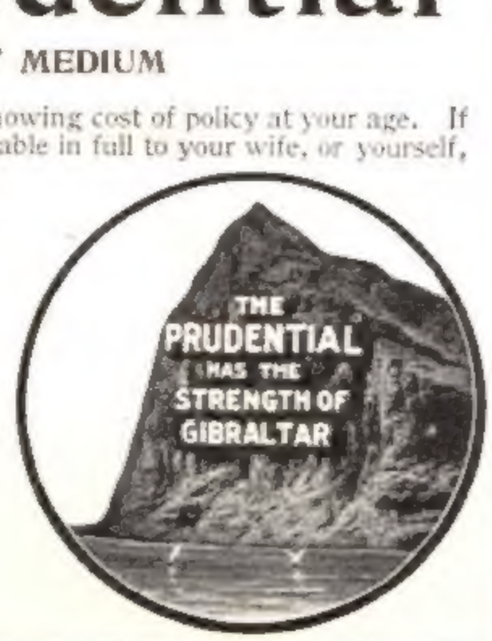

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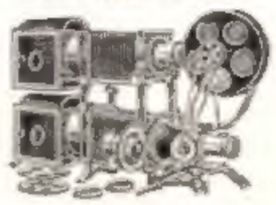

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### A Brief History

*THE SATURDAY EVENING POST is the oldest journal of any kind that is issued today from the American press. Its history may be traced back in a continuous, unbroken line to the days when young Benjamin Franklin edited and printed the old Pennsylvania Gazette. In nearly one hundred and eighty years there has been hardly a week—save only while the British army held Philadelphia and patriotic printers were in exile—when the magazine has not been issued.*

*During Christmas week, 1728, Samuel Keimer began its publication under the title of the Universal Instructor in all Arts and Sciences and Pennsylvania Gazette. In less than a year he sold it to Benjamin Franklin, who, on October 2, 1729, issued the first copy under the name of the Pennsylvania Gazette. Franklin sold his share in the magazine to David Hall, his partner, in 1765. In 1805 the grandson of David Hall became its publisher. When he died, in 1821, his partner, Samuel C. Atkinson, formed an alliance with Charles Alexander, and in the summer of that year they changed the title of the Gazette to THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.*

## Hammock Fiction

**For some reason fiction of the lighter sort seems to be a concomitant of summer. Out of doors the reader of magazines cares less about graft in high places and more for the various and varied emotions that lead two young persons to the altar.**

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**From the wild, adventurous stories of the sort that made Stevenson's Treasure Island so popular, to the quiet, legislative and executive life of the Nation's Capital, is a long step that editors occasionally have to take. Seeing Washington might be an appropriate general title for several stories that we have had the good fortune to receive from Will Payne. But it is seeing Washington from behind the scenes; moving with the actors of the drama, observing their attempts at make-up, watching their gestures. The bad in the best of them and the good in the worst of them is what Mr. Payne sees.**

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**All of which leads us to believe that the many thousands of readers of this magazine will be glad to have our promise of several good stories from Hopkinson Smith's pen. Miss Buffum's New Boarder, Muggle's Supreme Moment and Miss Jennings' Companion are the alluring titles of three that are being illustrated for early publication. They all have that indescribable flavor, for which we know of no better word than Hopsmithian.**


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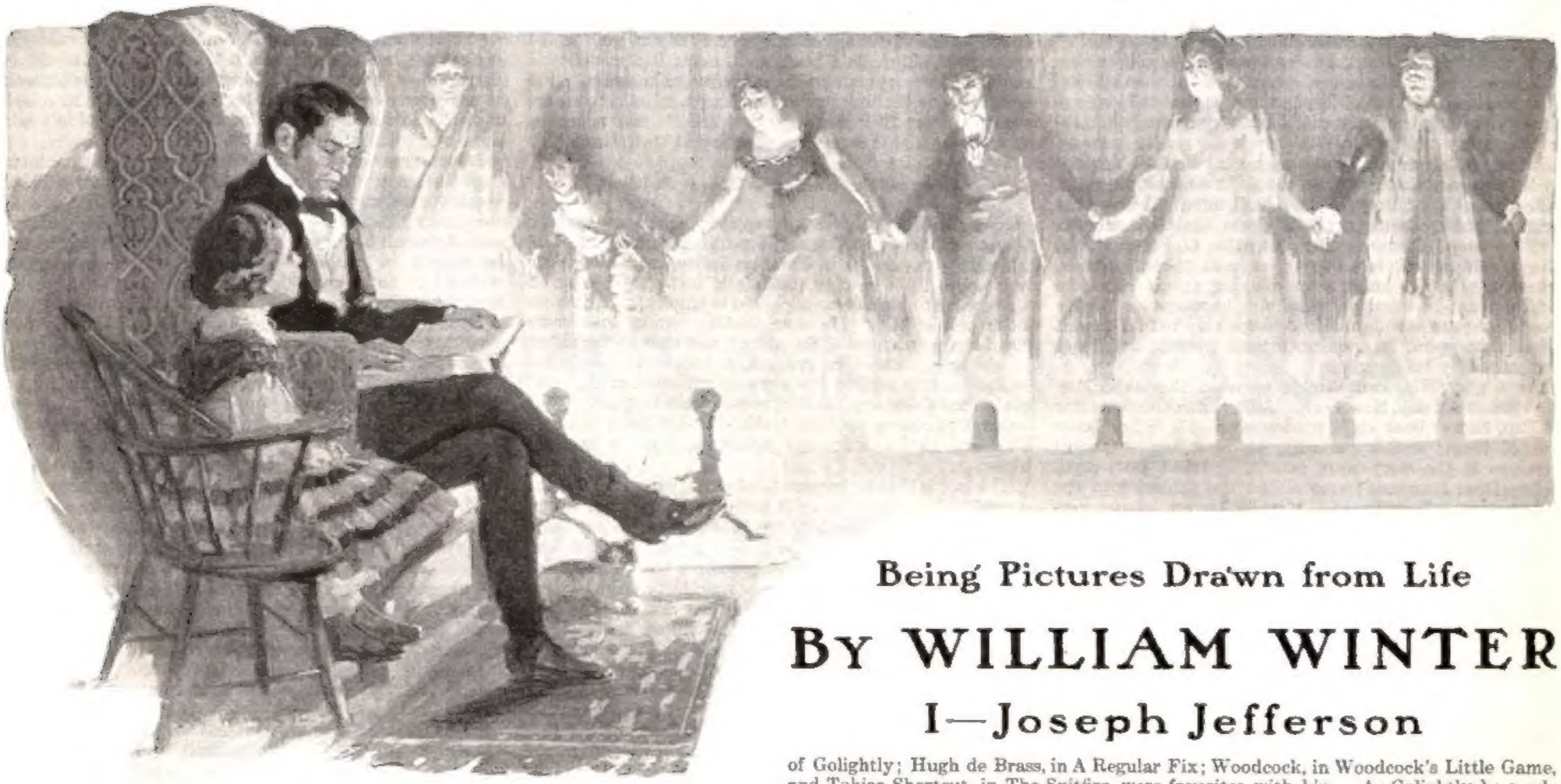
# Players: Past and Present



## Being Pictures Drawn from Life

## By WILLIAM WINTER

### I—Joseph Jefferson

IT HAS been my fortune and privilege, during a period of more than fifty years, to be closely associated with the men and women of the Theatre. Some of them have been comrades of mine; intimate friends; daily associates; accustomed to tell me of their joys and sorrows, and to ask and to follow my counsel in the conduct of their professional lives. Their rivalries and the contests of their coteries have surged around me; their triumphs have engaged my pen; their defeats have elicited my sympathy; and—as it is a happiness to remember—their finer achievements have, in very many instances, been recorded and celebrated in such a way as to gratify, cheer and help them, by my literary zeal and industry. I have observed them closely and I have found them an exceedingly interesting class of people—sometimes humorous; sometimes pathetic; always sensitive; often sweet and gentle; still more frequently unconventional, hopeful and gay, and therefore charming companions. My memories of them are numerous and pleasant; and, of late, I have begun to think—more particularly in view of the many requests that have reached me for my recollections of the Theatre—that a veteran scribe of the stage may, without offense to good taste, indulge in personal talk about the players whom he has known, endeavoring to make true pictures of them "in their guise of every day," and thus to aid in vitalizing and brightening the grave historic page. In that mood I have written this sketch of Joseph Jefferson, long the leader of our stage and its representative comedian—indicating the man as he actually was; and in that mood it is my purpose to sketch other representative figures of the American Theatre.

Joseph Jefferson was an intimate friend of mine during the last forty-five years of his life. It was my privilege to know him well—and to know him was to love him. He was not only a great actor, he was a man of noble mind, original character, sympathetic temperament, and lovely spirit; he not only exercised a potential influence upon the dramatic profession, to which his life was devoted, but by virtue of the sweetness and kindness that his genial nature diffused, through the medium of his acting, he deeply affected the lives of thousands of people, personally strangers. He was of a theatrical race, beginning in the days of Garrick; he began acting when he was a child; and, as he continued to act until within less than a year of his death (in his seventy-seventh year), he, practically, passed all his days on the stage. Like many dramatic infants that have arrived since the advent of the play of Pizarro—May 24, 1799—he was "carried on" as "Cora's child"; but his first professional appearance was made in 1833, at a theatre in Washington, as a juvenile "darky," in a miniature copy of Thomas D. Rice, in the negro character of Jim Crow. His last appearance was made on May 7, 1904, at Paterson, New Jersey, as Caleb Plummer, in The Cricket on the Hearth, and as Mr. Golightly, in Lend Me Five Shillings. In the course of his career he visited many countries and acted many parts: those of record exceed one hundred; but during his later years he restricted his professional achievement to Rip Van Winkle, Caleb Plummer, and Acres, with an occasional presentation of Doctor Pangloss or Doctor Ollapod. The farce parts of Golightly; Hugh de Brass, in A Regular Fix; Woodcock, in Woodcock's Little Game, and Tobias Shortcut, in The Spitfire, were favorites with him. As Golightly he made a signal hit, in London, in 1877, when he participated in performances for the benefit of the respected veteran, Henry Compton (Mackenzie), and that part retained his favor till the last. With those implements he reared and maintained the fabric of a great reputation; and, now that his once familiar figure is receding into the past, while the dramatic images that he created are gradually growing dim, there is a kind of comfort in musing on the story of his life and on the charm that made him victorious and endeared him to the world.

Jefferson was so entirely an actor that his art had become, in a measure, involuntary; yet not wholly so, because, at all times, even when acting instinctively, his intellect watched over his feelings and guided the expression of them. When he put on the raiment of a part he unconsciously assumed the spirit and aspect of the part—his countenance and demeanor becoming expressive of the character then in contemplation. Once, in his cottage at Hohokus, New Jersey, I was with him in the garret of that dwelling, and we were inspecting costumes for the comedy of The Rivals, which he had determined to alter and revive, resuming the part of Acres—one that he had acted years before. His particular quest was for a suitable hat. My attention chanced to be attracted to some play-books that were at the end of the room, and for a little while I did not observe him; but presently, looking up, I saw him—completely absorbed in his scrutiny of the dresses—put on a ridiculous hat, and, instantly, as he did so, he assumed the face and manner of Acres. He had forgotten that any person was present. His gravity was prodigious. His assumption of Acres was complete. He never "looked the part" more effectively in the best public performance that he ever afterward gave of it. The spectacle was irresistibly comic. That was a denotement of the involuntary operation of the actor's instinct of expression. I asked him whether, if he were suddenly called on to act an old-comedy part, that he had ever previously played, it would be possible for him to act it without reviewal and preparation. "Yes," he said, "if I were waked from a midnight sleep, and told that I must act Pangloss, or Ollapod, or any one of those old parts in which I was trained, I could go on and do it at a moment's notice."

When, however, the time came for Jefferson to act, his instinct would be reënforced by purpose, and he would have a reason for every movement and a distinct design dominating every deed and word. He once said, to a member of his theatrical company: "*I* never did anything on the stage that I did not know I was doing—never anything without the intention to do it." That, in the main, was true. Every essential detail of every performance that Jefferson ever gave had been carefully considered by him, and scrupulously adjusted to the fulfillment of a definite plan. Prescience of intent and executive precision are delightful attributes in a work of art; but their presence did not wholly explain the allurement of Jefferson's acting. The magical charm of his acting was the deep human sympathy and the loveliness of individuality by which it was irradiated—an exquisite blending of humor, pathos, grace and beauty, that made it an intimate and confidential impartment to each and every mind and heart in all the vast

auditory that he addressed. He often made me think of Emerson's expressive line: "Surely he carries a talisman under his tongue."

The professional rank that it was my privilege to assert for Jefferson—long before his name had become famous—has since been awarded to him by, substantially, universal assent: the rank of a poet among actors. The reason of the "endurance" of Rip Van Winkle was that, as interpreted by Jefferson, it had the irresistible charm of poetry.

There is an ancient Greek story of a youth named Epimenides, who went up into a mountain to seek for a strayed sheep, and fell asleep in a cave, where he was mysteriously charmed, so that he slept for more than fifty years; and when he awoke, and returned to the place that had been his home, he found himself among strangers and he was viewed as a stranger, till, presently, he was recognized by his brother, who, meanwhile, had become an old man. The idea of such a story was early adopted into German literature. The reader of Longfellow's beautiful poem of The Golden Legend finds a charming version of it in that poet's mediæval tale, apparently versifying an old German myth, of the enchantment of the monk Felix.

It was in an offshoot of German literature that Washington Irving found the material for his ingenious, blithely-written story of Rip Van Winkle. If the reader cares for a bit of antiquarian information, he can find the original of Irving's sketch in a work called The Enchanting and Marvellous Repository, Vol. III. (Boston, 1842)—that original having been translated from the German of a writer named Otmar, under the title of Peter Klaus, The Goatherd. Peter enters a cave in the mountains, where twelve old knights are playing at nine-pins; he drinks wine; he becomes insensible; he sleeps for twenty years; he returns to his native village, only to find himself among strangers; he inquires for old friends; and he is recognized by his daughter.

As a play, Rip Van Winkle came on the stage May 26, 1828, at Albany, New York. Jefferson, in the character of Rip, had at least eight predecessors—his father being one of them; and, apparently, at least ten theatrical versions of the story were extant, and had been used, before Dion Boucicault crystallized the subject into the drama that Jefferson made generally known. Later versions of the piece have been acted: in one of them Rip's dog is introduced, and presently the skeleton of the animal is disclosed, in a tree, which is supposed to have grown during the vagabond's slumber, and to have carried the remains into the air!

When Jefferson began to act Rip he imitated the performance of it that had been given by his half-brother, Charles Burke, whom he idolized. Afterward he ceased to imitate, and developed a method of his own. He had revamped the play, as derived from Burke, but he knew its defects, and he wanted, and planned, a better drama.

### How Rip Van Winkle was Written

IT WAS then that he applied to Dion Boucicault, communicating his plan and asking that veteran dramatist to rearrange and rewrite the play. Boucicault undertook the task, and, within about one week, completed it. Jefferson had originated the device that the spectres, in the mountain scene, should remain speechless, while only the human being should speak; and that was the principal stroke of genius in the drama.

Jefferson has been called a Swedenborgian. He was, in fact — or he was strongly inclined to be — a spiritualist. He told me that as soon as he heard of "the Fox sisters" and their revelations, he was persuaded that those persons were, probably, in communication with the spiritual world. His belief in personal immortality and in the likelihood of intercourse with spiritual beings was absolute, and it never was shaken or disturbed. In every trouble and sorrow that came into his life, that belief sustained him. Possessing, as he did, a nervous system of exquisite sensibility and a profoundly sympathetic temperament, that faith took possession of his feelings, and, in his acting, it was of signal advantage to him. In the mountain scene in Rip Van Winkle, when the man is encircled with the phantoms, he seemed to become transfigured; he lifted Rip into the realm of imagination; he diffused the atmosphere of poetry; and he made that episode as weird, mysterious, pathetic and awful as the scene of Hamlet's meeting with the Ghost. No observer, who ever really saw, can ever forget the wistful, awed, unearthly expression of Jefferson's face as he looked upon those spectres and realized that, as a mortal, he was *alone*.

Boucicault, in rewriting the play, followed Jefferson's scheme—incorporating into it a recognition scene between Rip and his daughter, Meenie, which, substantially, is a variant of the recognition scene, in King Lear, between the venerable monarch and his daughter, Cordelia. Boucicault, as a custom, took material for his plays wherever he chanced to find it: he was seldom wholly original; but, as Jefferson once said to me, "If he steals satin, he embroiders it with silk." But Boucicault had no confidence in the drama of Rip Van Winkle. Jefferson —who left New York in the summer of 1861, and, in the course of four years, visited many countries—had arrived in London in June, 1865, and, then and there, had obtained Boucicault's aid in preparing the piece. It was produced, September 4, 1865, at the Adelphi Theatre, then under the management of Benjamin Webster. Boucicault was acting at another theatre, and therefore could not attend the first performance. He called at the Adelphi, however, to see Jefferson, early on that memorable evening, and found him in his dressing-room, making up for Rip. "I'm sorry for you, Joe," he said; "the piece won't go here; but I hope you'll get through," and with that cheering remark he departed. The impersonation made a decisive hit. Even the stern Saturday Review commended "an art that thoroughly conceals art" and is "aided by a happy union of natural qualities." Webster, who was accustomed to visit Paris whenever there was a success at his theatre, announced, next morning, his immediate departure for that joyful metropolis. After a while Boucicault was free and could attend Jefferson's performance. "I looked down," said Jefferson, in stating these facts to me, "and I saw his old, shiny, bald head, and I acted Rip as well as I could. When it was over he came round to see me, and he said: 'Joe, I think you are making a mistake: you are shooting over their heads.' I replied: 'I am not even shooting *at* their heads—I'm shooting at their *hearts*.'"

### Clean Clothes and Clean Acting

JEFFERSON, in his Autobiography, intimates that he had not thought of acting Rip till the summer of 1859, when, in a farmhouse in Paradise Valley, on a rainy day, he chanced to be reading the Life of Irving, and came on a reference to himself, and was led to think of The Sketch-Book and of Rip. He says that he remembered some "bad dramatizations of the story," and that he "repaired to the city, where he ransacked theatrical wardrobe-establishments for old leather and mildewed cloth," and completed a costume for Rip, and compiled a play. That account, of course, contains truth; but Jefferson, as I told him, and as he laughingly admitted, was "a heedless historian."

The fact is that he became fond of the part when he was a youth of twenty—seeing it acted by Burke, and acting with him as Seth. He told me, in 1866, that he was early charmed with Rip and that he had often made up for it, and acted it, in private, for his own pleasure; this he had done long before 1859, at which time he was thirty years old and had become known in his profession. The sum of the matter is that Burke's example prompted Jefferson to choose Rip; that he chose it early in life; that he altered and improved Burke's version; that he departed far from Irving's sketch, presenting a radically different ideal of the character; that he elevated the subject by his inventive skill and his poetic genius; that he obtained from Boucicault a well-formed play—paying, in royalties, about $25,000 for it; that the chief felicities of the drama were devised by himself; and that he added a new and delightful figure to the stage.

Jefferson never wore any article of costume that was not scrupulously clean. Indeed, he made a special point of absolute cleanliness. "The actual farmer," he said, addressing this writer, "wears soiled clothes; but there is a day when he has a bath, and is shaved, has his boots brushed, and wears a clean shirt; and *this* is *that day*. Gretchen was always washing clothes, so Rip's clothes couldn't have been always dirty." No actor ever was more scrupulous, punctilious and imperative than Jefferson in his insistence on the ideal as opposed to the actual. That principle was at the basis of his acting. He abhorred realism.

Many years ago Jefferson bought an island, about ten miles from New Iberia, among the bayous of Louisiana. Walking with him, one day, in the woods of that estate, we were conversing about the antiquity of trees, when suddenly he paused and fixed his earnest gaze on one stately, splendid old tree, a few yards from our path. Then approaching it, and caressing its trunk, he said, in earnest, affectionate tones, "I never noticed this old chap before." There was, in his face, in his voice, in his gesture, in his spirit, the genuine, deep, unaffected love of Nature—the intuitive love and sympathy with natural things that we feel in some of the poems of Wordsworth, when that great poet becomes self-forgetful and is inspired. That feeling was in his performance of Rip. No other actor has expressed in art, as he did, the spirit of humanity in intimate relation with the spirit of physical Nature.

His ready credulity of anything mysterious or wonderful likewise deeply permeated his acting. He told me that he once entered the presence of his friend Grover Cleveland just as another comrade had related an incredible incident, and that Mr. Cleveland, seeing him coming, mirthfully said: "Tell that to Jefferson. He'll believe anything!" and he added, "My answer was, 'Of course I will! The world is full of wonders, and another, more or less, does not surprise me.'" From that he proceeded, in a strain of profound earnestness and winning simplicity: "Why shouldn't I believe in possible communication with other planets, or with the spiritual world? A hundred years ago telephone communication between Chicago and New York would have been thought even more improbable." With regard to Burke—for whom, as an actor, Jefferson's enthusiasm knew no limit—he said: "I never loved anybody like my brother Charles, and, when I die, I know perfectly well that he will be beside my bed, waiting for me."

In the attribute of humor Jefferson was blessed to a degree that it would be difficult to exaggerate. His presence seemed to be a motive for comic occurrences. At the funeral of John McCullough, the tragedian, he and I were pall-bearers, together with other persons, mostly actors, and as our melancholy pedestrian train was halted in a Philadelphia street, he glanced along the line and gravely remarked, "I never knew before that there were so many *walking gentlemen* in my profession."

One night, when he was making up for Doctor Pangloss, he talked to me about education—a schoolmaster having displeased him in treatment of one of his boys. "I have written to that man," he said, beaming upon me with the sapient air, and from beneath the preposterous wig, of Pangloss—"and I have told him that I consider arithmetic to be the *least important* of all earthly studies. Why—look at me! I've managed pretty well—but *I* couldn't add up a long column of figures!"

I once went with him, of an evening, to see a prominent "spiritual medium," in New York—a person said to possess even more than Glendower's capacity. As, in the dusky light, we slowly approached the abode of this seer, Jefferson became unaffectedly solemn, saying to me, in accents of profound conviction: "This medium is wonderful; but I don't know whether he can do much to-night. The poor man has just lost his wife;" then, changing in an instant, he added: "But I don't know why that should put him *out of spirits!*"

Another incident, of which he told me, is expressive of the quality of his humor. In the middle of the night, at his Hohokus cottage, a sound was heard as of a person moving in the lower part of the house, and he was requested to go down and investigate. "If there *isn't* anybody there," he said, "there's no use of my going down; and if there *is* anybody there, I'm d——d if I'm going down."

The foibles of enamored or fastidious persons afforded him amusement, and his observation of them was exceedingly keen. Many years ago, in Boston, when Lawrence Barrett was wooing the beautiful and excellent lady whom he afterward married, Jefferson suddenly said to him: "Barrett, you're in love." "What makes you think that?" asked Lawrence. "You've changed your waistcoat three times to-day," Jefferson said.

Speaking to me of George L. Parkes, the actor, an elderly and vain beau, whose mind was concentrated on his personal appearance, he said: "I got a chance at him once, in a farce, when it happened that I had to embrace him. His hair was beautifully curled and every thread of it in order. I held him tight and rumpled his curls, and then I heard him cry out in a tone of positive agony."

### When You Fish, Fish Fair

THE scrupulous exactitude of the studious antiquary afforded him amusement, for he had no memory of dates and was gayly careless of research. The laborious attention that I gave to details, when writing The Life and Art of Joseph Jefferson (1894), while winning his approval, also excited his merriment—for he knew that, among other things, I had crossed the ocean, to Ripon, England, expressly to make inquiries about the career of his great-grandfather, the first of the Jefferson Family of Actors (1728-1807), who died in that city and was buried within the precincts of Ripon Cathedral. The actress Elsie Leslie, when a member of his dramatic company, observing some slight discrepancy between his Autobiography and my Memoir, asked him which record was correct. "Oh," replied Jefferson, "his is: Willy knows a great deal more about my history than I do!—and he takes a great deal more interest in it!"

Jefferson inherited his father's temperament. "If you are your father's son," said the old family doctor, addressing him, in after years, "you are fond of fishing." He was passionately fond of that sport, and remarkably expert in casting the fly. I went fishing with him once, in Paradise Valley, and had occasion to observe, not only his skill, but his conscientious principle as a sportsman. He struck a trout through the tail and landed him; then, somewhat ruefully, he said: "You know that's not *fair*." And he threw the fish back into the stream. Of a lady, whom he loved and honored, he said: "She's very nervous when she's fishing. First she's afraid she won't get a bite —and then she's afraid she *will!*"

Discovery of the charm of Jefferson's acting was not difficult to those who saw him act. Designation of it was never easy. Few of his auditors ever tried to put it into words. It cannot be stated in an epigram. Examination of the characters of Rip and Acres—in which two parts he fully revealed himself—with analysis of his interpretation and expression of them, would arrive at the result,

disclosing and defining an exceptionally rich and various nature, combined with great felicity of dramatic art. Those parts he, literally, created; for Rip, as Jefferson displayed him, never existed until he made him manifest; and the Acres that he embodied was a higher and finer type of man than the Acres drawn by Sheridan, a far more exquisite fabric of whimsical humor; and in remaking that character the comedian refashioned and improved the comedy for practical purposes.

Jefferson was not a man of learning, nor was he, technically, an educated man, nor "a reading man." He studied Darwin. He liked to ponder on the philosophy of Seneca. He was acquainted with Colley Cibber's Apology and with kindred books. He reverenced Shakespeare and he read him rather more than most people do. He declared—blaming himself and not the bard—that Milton was beyond his comprehension. He thoroughly knew and dearly loved the works of Dickens. He was not strongly attracted by the greater works of Thackeray. One of his favorites was Byron's Vision of Judgment. In the latter half of his life he gave some attention to books, and he collected a small library. But he was not, and did not pretend to be, a scholar, nor was he habitually a student. On the other hand, he was a close observer, and he learned in the school of experience. He was a great actor, a sympathetic painter, a clear, straightforward writer—showing, in his style, that "unconscious simplicity" which, as acutely noticed by Gibbon, "always constitutes genuine humor." Universities gave degrees to him as a Master of Arts. He had positive ideas about right and wrong in the conduct of life. As a moralist he was rigid—not narrow; not uncharitable; but distinctly and sternly precise. He was intrinsically honest, and he expected other people to be so; and, if they were dishonest, he condemned them without mercy. "The persons that I pity," he said to me, "are the persons who are *born* bad. Those are the pitiable creatures—the poor, wretched beings who *cannot help* being wicked." He was thoroughly acquainted with the art of acting. On that subject he could speak with knowledge and authority. He had learned all that there is to be learned of that art, and nobody could teach him anything about it. When he was on the stage he *liked* to be the centre of attention; he *liked* to have the whole scene to himself; but he perfectly well knew the importance of auxiliaries and the value of the proportion of component parts to make up a symmetrical whole; he could, and whenever needful he always did, completely subordinate himself to the requirements of the scene. His mind was clear and positive, furthermore, as to religion. He had a definite, absolute belief—a reverent conception of the Divine Being; but for sectarian creeds he entertained a profound contempt, and upon clergymen, as a class, he looked with distrust and aversion. Aside from practical ethics, dramatic art and religious faith, his views on most subjects were indifferent and transitory. He was more a man of imagination and feeling than of cold intellect and exact thought. He was full of caprices; mercurial and fanciful; a creature of moods; exceedingly, almost morbidly, sensitive; eagerly desirous to please, because he loved to see people happy; willing, if necessary, to displease everybody rather than win favor by unworthy means or by the violation of a principle of art; quick to fancy that he had been misunderstood; very affectionate; keenly sensible of the misfortunes and sufferings of the lame, the blind, the deaf and the wretched; inordinately fond of approbation, and, at the same time, aware of the shallow mentality and hypocritical insincerity of many of the people who make up the social world; appreciative of the beauties of physical Nature, passionately fond of them, and skillful in painting them; as much a lover of sports as though he were a boy; worldly-wise, and yet absolutely simple; sagacious in practical affairs, but credulous about everything preternatural or improbable; an instinctively correct and (when left to himself) an unerring judge of character, but apt to be influenced by the nearest person who chanced to have possession of his confidence; innately modest and humble, but aware of the exceptional merit of his artistic faculties and of their value; serious, almost solemn at heart, but, superficially, volatile, mirthful and good-naturedly satirical; tender in feeling, but quick to see the comic side of everything—even of things the most serious; devoted to art in its highest form, yet tolerant of the chromo-lithograph, which he considered helpful in the education of ignorant persons; benevolently democratic, but an aristocrat by nature—often quoting, with ardent approbation, a saying by old John Rice, once Mayor of Chicago, that "we cannot *change* the world, but we *can keep away from it*"; in public matters governed by a scrupulous sense of duty; and in every relation of private life lovable, admirable, conscientious and true. The world has seldom known a creature in whom pathos, humor, wisdom and frolic were blended as they were in Joseph Jefferson.

# "THE INTERNATIONAL"

## Taffy—and the Girl with Brothers of Her Own

## By DOROTHEA DEAKIN

SOME old lady in a Welsh farmhouse had promised a Persian kitten to Drusilla, and with Matthew Arnold in his mail-cart we went to meet it by the four o'clock train from Shrewsbury. Quite unexpectedly we met Georgie, too—Georgie and a traveling companion.

"Hallo!" cried he, flinging his bag down almost upon my feet. "This is no end of luck. I *am* glad to see you, old chap. How's Drusie and the kid?"

"They're here," said I. "You look well, Georgie."

Georgie sighed ostentatiously.

"Oh, I'm well," he said, "in health, but I'm a bit worried."

"Worried?" I eyed the traveling companion with puzzled curiosity.

"Yes. Oh, here's Drusilla and old muffin-face. I am glad to see you looking so fit and beautiful, Drusie. I want—may we come round by the Little Mansion and have some tea, as a sort of break in the journey, you know? The porter can take my bag home. I want to have a nice, serious talk with you and Martin. You'll let us come, won't you?"

Us! Drusilla gazed in wondering silence at Georgie and his new friend. And well she might. Clinging in tight desperation to his hand was a little, forlorn-looking boy in a shabby, tight sailor-suit of weather-beaten blue serge—a splendid little boy with black, fierce brows and wonderful eyes; with a sulky, scarlet, cupid's bow of a mouth and a sun-browned skin. In his grubby hand he clutched tightly a sailor cap, flaunting in tarnished gold letters the word "Conqueror." Drusilla stooped and told him he was a dear, pretty boy, but he merely scowled at her for the attention with whole-hearted disapproval.

"Isn't he a ripping little chap?" Georgie beamed at us both. "For a five-year-old he's no end of a sportsman. I've been teaching him to hit straight, coming down in the train. See him punch the cushions! Hits out at 'em like a good 'un."

"What is he doing with you?" I asked in some surprise.

Georgie's traveling companion was so extremely young.

"Look at his jolly fat legs!" Georgie hastily cried, disregarding my question. "Brown, and beefy, and as firm as a rock. There's no flabbiness about *him*."

He glanced as he spoke almost disparagingly at our son, who was even then stretching longing baby arms to his faithless friend from the mail-cart.

"Matthew Arnold is barely two," said I indignantly, and Drusilla looked hurt.

Georgie realized that he had been slightly wanting in tact.

"Of course, old muffin-face is immense," said he, digging him in the ribs. "Best little chap in the world." But his eyes quickly strayed back to his traveling companion, and he put him up on his shoulder, from which high eminence the little lad cast glances of pure fury at the rest of us.

"Where is his mother?" Drusilla asked gravely.

"Guess You're Fond of Children," Said She

"Hold tight, old man. We won't go into details till you've taken us in and fed us," Georgie said firmly.

It was only ten minutes' walk to the Little Mansion, and Drusilla gave us tea in the garden.

From Georgie's knee the traveling companion took gulps of sweet weak tea out of Georgie's saucer, and with a friendly absence of ceremony he took small, fierce bites from Georgie's bread and butter.

Between bites he scowled at us. Drusilla could bear the suspense no longer.

"Georgie, I don't want to seem inquisitive, and I shouldn't like to hurry you, but what *are* you doing with that very cross little boy?"

He gulped down the remains of his tea and looked desperately from Drusilla to me.

"Look here," he said, "I know you'll say I'm an awful ass, but I believe any decent chap would have done the same thing."

"Oh!" Drusilla gazed at me.

"I was in Pwellheli," Georgie began desperately, "doing a bit of mackerel fishing, and it was one day when we couldn't whistle up a wind anyhow. The men wouldn't take the boat out—couldn't, in fact—and I can't stick that dirty flat-fishing business in the harbor, so I just loafed about the old town, down in the fishermen's quarters, and that was when I first saw old Taffy."

"Old what?"

He laughed.

"Taffy I call him. He's Welsh, you see. He was going for a lot of other little lads, swearing and spitting at 'em like anything in his ridiculous native tongue. They'd taken his football, I think, and he meant to get it back. He got it too, like a good 'un. It was only an old salmon tin, but it was the nearest thing the poor little beggar had, and the kicking instinct was in his blood."

"Georgie," said Drusilla gently, "have you stolen him from his mother, or only borrowed him? Is he here on a visit? Do tell us the awful truth at once. I never could bear to have things broken gently to me."

"Well," Georgie looked confused. "You'd better let me go on with my story, hadn't you? It would be a pity if I mixed things up now."

"Go on," said I. "Drusilla, do you think Matthew Arnold ought to cut his hair off with the cake-knife? He hasn't enough as it is."

Drusilla, deeply occupied with Georgie and his traveling companion, saved her precious in the nick of time, and the strange, wolfish little boy cuddled up on Georgie's knee, nestling a sticky, sulky face in his friend's beautiful waistcoat. Georgie had a weakness for wonderful waistcoats about that time.

"I thought," said Georgie dreamily, "of the trial game next Saturday, and I remembered my first match. It is one of the few perfect memories of my life, and when I watched this little chap kicking his absurd salmon tin up and down, it seemed heartrending to think that perhaps for want of a little care a fine full-back was being lost to the county."

"What?" said I in amazement.

"Yes," Georgie went on gravely, "and to the country, too, perhaps. I've never *heard* of an international coming out of the workhouse. Did you?"

"The workhouse?" Drusilla glanced with troubled eyes at poor Taffy, now fast asleep and no longer fierce.

"Yes," Georgie said slowly. "Skilly would weaken a chap's kick, don't you think? His mother's dead. So is his father; fell off his boat drunk. This chap's been living with an aunt ever since."

"Where is the aunt now?" I asked sternly.

Georgie ruffled the little boy's black hair.

"She's ill," he said. "Cancer. Old lady can't last out more than a month or two at the most, the doctor told me. Poor lookout for this chap."

"The doctor?"

"A man in the lane told me the story, and so I waited for the doctor to see if it was true. It is—quite. He said she was dying by inches. Young Evan Davies, or David Evans, I forget which, was being dragged up by any odd neighbor who happened to drop in, and when the aunt dies there's nothing for him but the workhouse. He took to me at once."

"But," said I hastily, "has the child no other relations?"

"No," Georgie replied solemnly, "at least no one who would take him. Every one seems to have twelve or fourteen kids of their own, and they say Taffy doesn't get on with other children. He's not popular at school, I gather. It's his high spirits. They don't take to high spirits in the workhouse, I believe. Try to break 'em."

Drusilla broke the long silence.

"It's a sad little story," said she with a sigh and a pitiful look at the boy. "What are you doing with the boy, Georgie?"

Georgie was silent.

"What have you brought him away for?"

"From the workhouse!" Georgie broke out hotly. "Think of it! Have you ever been in a workhouse, Drusie? Would you like to think old muffin-face was going to be brought up in a uniform to a set pattern, on skilly?"

"I don't believe there is such a thing as skilly now," I said quickly; "and, Georgie—of course it seems a pity, but it is a terrible necessity, you see. Thousands of them have to be turned over to the parish every year. This little man must take his chance with the others, I am afraid."

Georgie flushed indignantly and moved restlessly. Taffy grunted in his sleep and buried his grimy face further into the gorgeous waistcoat.

"Look at him," Georgie said. "When I saw him kicking his absurd apology for a ball and giving the other chap such a thundering good licking, I seemed to see 'International' written big all over him."

"Very likely," said I gravely.

He looked up to Drusilla with a quick, charming, boyish laugh. "It all came to me in a flash," said he. "I remembered some one who was always kind and sweet to children. I thought of you."

"Georgie!" Drusilla laughed almost hysterically.

His bright face clouded a little at her reception of his outburst. "Yes," he repeated doggedly, "I thought you might like to adopt him."

I was thunderstruck. Even from Georgie this was overwhelming.

"Yes," he went on earnestly, "I don't suppose old muffin-face will ever be much of a sportsman, and there's no doubt about this chap. It's written big all over him."

"Upon my word!" I gasped. Georgie had surpassed himself.

"You've always been good friends to me," he went on persuasively, turning in ardent appeal from one to the other. "I don't think you've ever quite understood me, but as far as you go you've stood by me. And Drusie's as good as gold. There's no doubt about *her* heart. I thought I should like to do you a good turn for once."

I gazed at Drusilla, now weakly giggling with her face hidden in Matthew Arnold's white frills, and then, quite speechless, I met Georgie's anxious blue eyes.

"Can't you see the thing as it stands?" he murmured. "When you come to think of it, Martin, it would be a pretty big thing to have the bringing up and training of an international, wouldn't it?"

"It would, indeed," said I firmly; "much too great an honor for me. Far too big a thing."

"Certainly"—Georgie rather missed my point—"you aren't much of a sportsman, but you might influence him in other ways, don't you think? Manners, and truthfulness, and early rising, and little things like that. Not books. I shouldn't let him read too much; seems to me it rather spoils a chap. You might have been an athlete yourself if you hadn't taken to ink-slinging when you were young enough to know better. I should think you'd be glad to adopt a chap like this. Matthew Arnold will never make a footballer. I don't suppose you'll ever get him to do anything really manly. He's sure to write, or paint, or something—something piffling."

I wondered at Georgie's methods of persuasion.

"I'm sorry," said I grimly, "and it may seem heartless; but we can't adopt your protégé, Georgie. We shall find it as much as we can manage to provide for Matthew Arnold's future, I am afraid. And it will take all the earnings of my piffling pen to keep the Little Mansion over our three heads in modest comfort. And, as you say, I am not a sportsman, therefore not qualified to develop his young promise in football. You had better leave him to the Welsh parish. And seriously, my dear boy, *do* think of the risk. You don't know what kind of a scoundrel his father may have been."

"Yes I do," said Georgie shortly. Evidently he did not wish to enlarge upon the subject.

"Well," said I, "and his mother was probably a dishonest maid-of-all-work who stole the jam and lump sugar in seaside lodgings. Give it up, Georgie."

"Any Decent Chap Would Have Done the Same Thing"

Georgie flung me a glance full of scorn.

"Thanks," said he, "for your advice. You're always chock-full of advice, Martin. A man may be sure of getting *that* from you if he gets nothing else."

"In this case," said I coldly, "it is all I have to offer you."

"Thanks, Drusilla——" He turned to Drusilla and looked sternly into her rosy, anxious face. "Some day," he said tragically, "you will be sorry that you've turned this poor little beggar out in the cold. Wake up, Taffy, old man. We've got to go. They don't want us here."

"Oh," said Drusilla uncomfortably, "I can't bear you to think me horrid, Georgie! I really should be glad to do anything—anything in reason for you. But you know you really *do* do extraordinary things, don't you?"

"This," said Georgie sternly, "is the sort of thing which shows up a man's friends in their true light."

Drusilla grew red.

"Oh, my dear boy!" she said in a pained voice. "How can we? You know we never thought of adopting any one. Why should we? It doesn't seem necessary, you see. And—why *do* you call him Taffy? I wish you wouldn't."

"Taffy was a Welshman," he said slowly, picking up the "Conqueror" cap to hold the elastic so clumsily that it flicked back into the ruddy, dazed little face and made the child cry out. Drusilla snatched it from his hands and slipped to her knees on the lawn in a moment.

"Oh, Georgie, you've hurt him! Let me do it. Dear little lad, he's only half awake."

She ruffled up his heavy hair with her quick fingers and pushed his hat back a little. I suppose her glowing face, fresh and kind under his sleepy eyes, disarmed him, for he stopped crying and smiled at her. She hugged him.

"He is a darling," she said with sudden enthusiasm. "Really, when he grins in that delicious way I don't wonder at you, Georgie. Don't call him Taffy. Taffy was a thief, you know."

"People never grow up to fit their names," Georgie said gloomily. "Look at me. There's nothing solid and British and conventional about me, you know. I'm not narrow, or conservative, or obstinate. George is a very John Bull kind of name."

I thought of a possible Georgie, twenty years ahead, and smiled to myself.

But Drusilla looked gravely from the stern young face to the little boy, and back again, and I was amazed to find tears in her absurd eyes.

"I'm not so sure of that," she said. "There was Saint George, you see. I believe I can see you in armor, fighting dragons, Georgie, without much of an effort."

Occasionally Drusilla's imagination escapes from control and paints her friends in wonderful rosy tints invisible to me. And in pure unadulterated folly Georgie had surpassed himself that afternoon.

"Are you going to take the boy up to the Manor?" I asked curiously, for Georgie's mother was a person with ideas of her own on most subjects.

"Yes," said he curtly. "My mother has *some* decent feelings, and she's fond of children."

"She must have been," I said softly, "to bring you up."

Georgie gave a disgusted grunt. "Anything cheaper than the general run of your jokes," said he, "I've never heard. Do you know if Phillida's come back to-day?"

Georgie's Goddess Girl had been visiting in the Midlands, and at last, I believe, Georgie and she were formally engaged.

"Yes," Drusilla answered him. "She came back this morning in time for lunch. We are to dine at the Manor House to-night, Martin and I."

Georgie's look of frank horror was refreshing.

"Not a dinner-party?" he asked aghast.

"Yes," said I pleasantly. "There is to be rather a large dinner-party, I believe."

Without another word Georgie picked up his traveling companion and departed.

Drusilla looked at me and laughed: she hugged Matthew Arnold and laughed again.

"What a boy!" she cried. "Oh, Martin, what a boy! To say my son will never be a sportsman! What will his mother say to him when she sees that cross little boy? And Phillida—what will *she* say?"

"Drusilla," said I gravely, "is there any rift in that lute? Is there anything wrong between those two? Why did they let the Goddess Girl go rushing off to visit all those dull people?"

Drusilla was silent.

"Georgie's mother is a darling," she said at last, "but she has ideas about a wife's duties. She thinks a woman ought to be able to cook the dinner she orders, and get up her own muslins and lace and things, even if she never has to do it."

"And the Goddess Girl?"

Drusilla laughed. "Objects—or, rather, differs."

"A goddess," said I, "naturally would."

"Well," said Drusilla meekly, "perhaps. But she might have given in and pretended an interest. Georgie's mother wanted her to go into the kitchen and have lessons from the cook, and she refused flatly. Said she guessed she wasn't going to spoil her gowns and finger-nails doing chores. Said if Georgie's mother wanted a domestic treasure for a daughter-in-law she must look in the next block. She wasn't exactly rude, I think, but a little too firm. And Georgie thoroughly agrees with his mother about a woman's duties. He is very conservative in these things, I fancy. Phillida will have to be careful if she is fond of him."

"My sympathies," said I firmly, "are entirely with the Goddess Girl."

"Ye-es." Drusilla arranged the tea-things. "She is lovely—to look at, and the best company in the world, but——"

"Well?" What more, I wondered.

"Oh, nothing, only I want our boy to be happy. He is—well, he has had disappointments, hasn't he? And he is a dear boy. I should like to think some one was going to make up to him for——"

"For losing you?" I asked with admirable gravity.

Drusilla sighed.

"I *am* glad I put on my pretty dress," Drusilla whispered as we went in, and I was glad, too, although I laughed at her vanity.

She wore something which gave a general impression of plump pink rosebuds in a setting of green leaves, and the drawing-room as we went in seemed to be running alive with pretty girls.

Georgie's mother loved girls and surrounded herself with them on every possible occasion; thus poor Georgie was kept by her constantly under fire. She was a delightful person, not very wise, but charming to everybody, and she came to meet us glowing with hearty, handsome welcome from the hearth-rug, to leave the Goddess Girl standing alone in stately, silent magnificence. Georgie, who ought to have been at her side, seemed to be lost in earnest conversation with that prim little fair-haired girl, Diana Leigh, and there were other stars shining here and there, very pleasant to the eye at the time, but of no importance in this story. The men were the usual set, Georgie's own kind, very young and redolent of the goal-post and the wicket. There was also that insufferable old nuisance, Borricole, who was asked partly because he was expected to leave money to Georgie, and partly because he was able to advise Georgie's mother on the various little financial matters

which interested her so much. She had a taste for risky speculation in those days, and, I could see, dearly loved to plunge a bit. I am afraid that, like Georgie, she was not quite as wise as she was charming.

Georgie crossed the room, and in mid flight I caught him.

"What does she say?" I asked softly.

"Who? What do you mean?"

"Why, your mother, Georgie?"

"My mother?" in actual bewilderment as to my meaning. Georgie had always found it fatally easy to shut up his anxieties in the back cupboards of his mind.

"Taffy!" I reminded him curtly.

His glowing face fell.

"Oh, hang it, Martin! You needn't spoil a chap's dinner. Of course I haven't told her yet. How could I?"

"Where is he?"

"Oh, I smuggled him in the back way. He's asleep in my bed. I shall tell her after this crowd's gone home. It'll be all right, I know."

But there was no confidence in his tone, and while I talked to the Goddess Girl, glorious in a misty green gown and a wonderful emerald necklace, I wondered a good deal what the end of this last craze would be.

It fell to my lot to take down prim young Diana, who was almost a stranger to me, and I had watched Georgie at his head of the table for some time before I noticed that she was watching him, too, with even more intensity.

With the Goddess Girl at his right hand to entrance his ears with piquant pearls of pure Virginian honey, and Drusilla on his left to laugh at his absurd jokes and listen sympathetically to his odds and ends of youthful wisdom, he ought to have been happy. Obviously, as we passed from one course to another, he grew gay and flushed and excited, and his end of the table became a very noisy one. There was something curiously penetrating about the voice of his betrothed, and something boisterous and infectious about Georgie's laughter.

"He seems a very cheerful kind of boy," a fresh little voice at my side volunteered.

I turned to my neighbor and laughed.

"Yes," I said, "cheerful and most absurd. Georgie's letting himself go a bit to-night."

"He has been telling me about his poor little Welsh boy."

I suppose I looked my surprise, for she hastily went on:

"Oh, I've known Georgie quite a long time; ever since last winter, and I have four brothers of my own. Naturally I have had a great deal of experience with boys, you see."

I looked at her, and laughed. She was apparently just out of the schoolroom herself and her eldest brother was about fifteen. I hardly thought she had had to listen to such confidences as Georgie's from *them*. She was an old-fashioned little girl, and I wondered rather where Georgie's outpourings would end. But she was certainly pretty. Her unusually pale hair and dark brows made one think of old miniatures of the powder days.

"Wasn't it noble of him to come to the rescue of the boy in that splendid, unselfish way?" she asked.

I hesitated.

"Very," said I. "Oh, very noble! But I can't help wondering how his mother will like this last proof of his nobility."

"His mother is a darling," Diana Leigh said warmly. "She will be glad to save the dear boy. I am sure any person with a heart would. Georgie ought to have told her the truth at once, though, and I told him so before dinner. It is always best to tell the truth from the very beginning. Putting things off is such weakness, don't you think? Such a terrible snare."

"Well," said I at last, "there are two ways of looking at it, and I can't help thinking that it would have been rather a mistake to upset the poor lady on the verge of a dinner-party. Georgie isn't often wise, but in this case I fancy that a short delay was, to say the least of it, expedient."

"Oh!" cried Diana. "Expedient is a hateful word. I hate expediency. People ought to do right whatever happens. There are only right and wrong, you see. There are no lights and shades where duty is concerned."

I thought it was only kind to respect the opinions of rigid eighteen without attempting to disillusionize, so gracefully I changed the subject.

"Are you looking forward to the hunting?" I asked, vaguely remembering something Georgie had once said of her tastes. Her eyes lit up.

"You bet!" she cried with a sudden relapse into brotherly slang. "Last year it was too ripping for words. Georgie used to take the most awful fences last year. There's a bullfinch behind the primrose pasture that would make your hair curl. Georgie *can* ride—he's promised to tell his mother about the little Welsh boy directly after dinner," she returned to her subject.

"Whew!"—I whistled in my sleeve, if such a thing be possible, and glanced at Georgie.

"He is not at all the sort of person to break a promise," Diana said with her head in the air.

"Um!" said I.

But this last event proved her right. Georgie walked boldly up to his mother, holding her pretty court of girls on the big tigerskin hearth-rug, and I followed up closely across the drawing-room to see and hear what happened.

"Mother," he said in a low voice, "I wish you'd come upstairs with me for a minute or two."

She turned a jolly, laughing face to him.

"Oh, Georgie! I can't come away now."

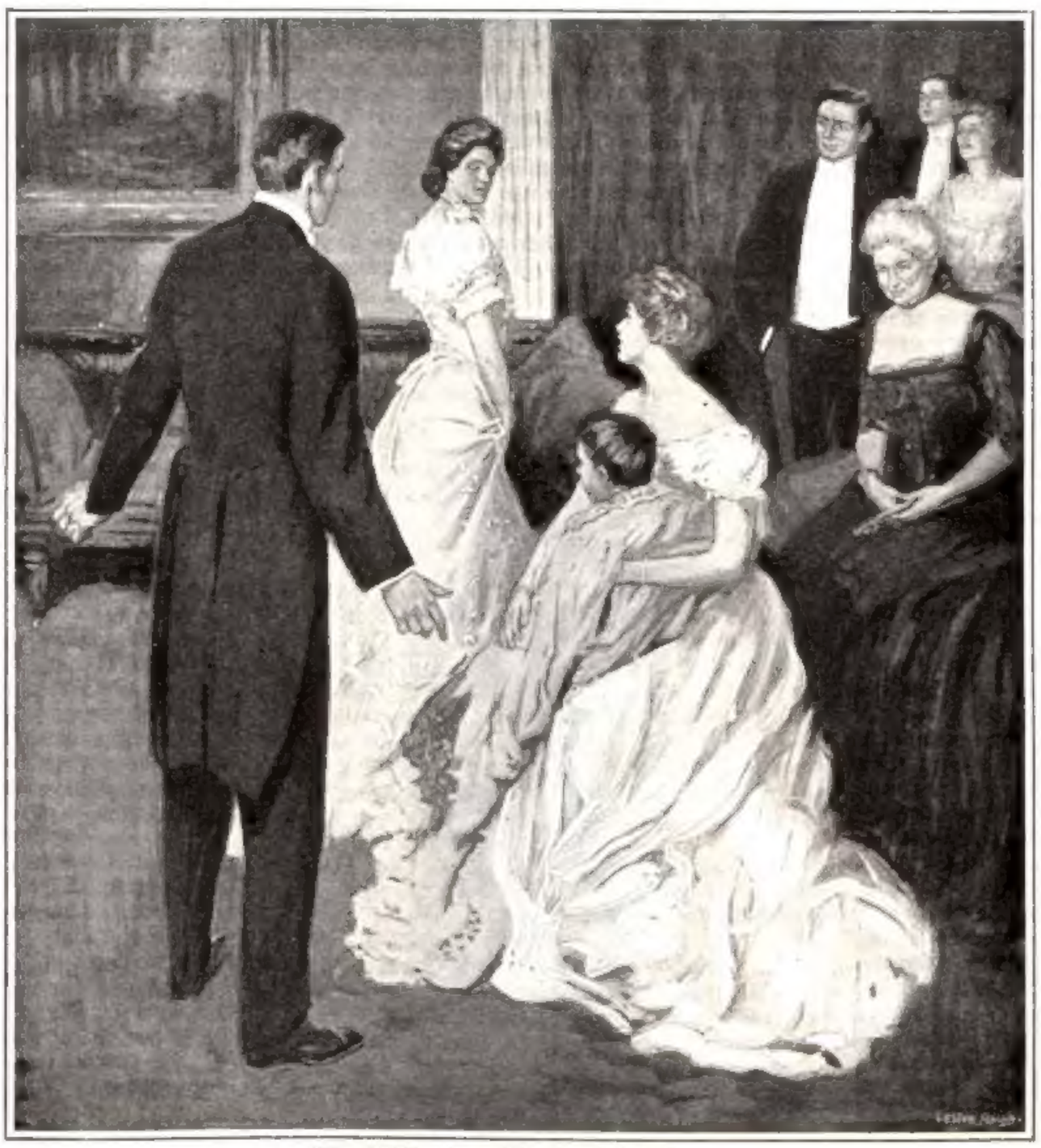
"But I wish you would, mother," he persisted. "I want to show you something."

"What, Georgie? Is it a present?"

I laughed softly. It might even have been dignified thus, I thought, but little did she guess what shape this new gift of his had taken.

"N-not exactly. At least——" he paused imploringly. "Won't you come and see?"

"Can't you bring it down and show me?"



"I've Got Brothers of My Own," Said Diana

She lifted a pretty, ringed hand and pushed the brown hair from his damp forehead. Georgie flushed and cast a whimsical look at me.

"Well—hardly," he said with an uneasy laugh.

"But why? Can't you carry it?"

I turned away. This was more than I could bear.

Georgie straightened his shoulders.

"Yes," he said with a reckless laugh, "I think I can carry it. You are sure you would like to see it—here?"

His mother smiled.

"Why not?" said she. "I'm not slim enough to run up and down stairs so soon after dinner, Georgie. So go and bring your present down, there's a dear boy."

He went. I gasped and tried to catch Drusilla's eye for sympathy, but she was entranced in the woes of a misunderstood centre three-quarter, in the far corner, and absolutely blind and deaf to her husband's appeals.

"Absurd boy!" With delighted pride Georgie's mother turned to me. "He always makes such a mystery over his little surprises. He's as bad now as he was when he used to smuggle snakes and hedgehogs into his bedroom. Dear boy! The housemaids used to go into fits when they made his bed, and found Georgie's curious pets amongst his blankets. One girl was never quite the same afterward, and I've been obliged to keep her with me ever since, doing light work in the kitchen. He isn't at all careful even now."

Careful! With fascinated eyes I stared at the white door. He seemed to be gone hours, but at last it crashed open and he plunged defiantly into the midst of us, to an accompanying murmur of astonishment and the light laughter of girls. On his shoulder enthroned sat Taffy.

"*Georgie!*"

"I've brought him," said Georgie quietly. He put the child down on the rug and faced his amazed mother with pale and desperate courage. I hid behind the Goddess Girl and laughed. Poor Taffy wore some strange and wonderful garment of striped flannelette with many frills of pink embroidery in his neck and sleeves. I found out afterward that Georgie had abandoned his own pajamas in despair and boldly borrowed a nightgown from a deeply-interested parlor-maid. The child's black hair was ruffled, his cheeks rose-pink from his sudden awakening, and his beautiful eyes wide open, bewildered. The girls in their pretty bright gowns crowded round us, and their brothers watched with surprised, amused faces over their shoulders. Georgie faced his mother in pale silence, and I waited. Little Diana's fair head peeped from behind Drusilla with a pleased, excited face. It was the Goddess Girl who broke the silence. If I remember right, it generally was.

"Say!" she cried. "Isn't he just too cute for anything? Whose little piccanniny's this, Georgie? Do tell."

Georgie cast a grateful glance at his fiancée.

"Georgie," demanded his mother, "kindly explain this—this apparition at once."

The apparition in a sudden panic made a step forward to his protector, was at once hopelessly involved in billowy folds of flannelette and fell headlong at the feet of the Goddess Girl! She stepped back hastily.

"My! Is he clean?" she asked anxiously, for her gown was a new one.

Georgie grew red and stooped suddenly to pick up the boy, but he wasn't quick enough. Diana slipped between them, and took poor, frightened Taffy in her arms, casting a look at the Goddess Girl which ought to have withered that young woman. Then she sat down on a little stool at the corner of the brass fender, and Taffy cuddled up against her soft white gown, glancing ferociously at the rest of us. He even made a remark in his native tongue which sounded like a wizard's curse—or a heathen incantation. The Goddess Girl smiled amiably.

"Guess you're fond of children," said she. "Those sticky little paws will crush your chiffon some."

"Oh!" Diana's gray eyes were absurdly indignant. "I've got brothers of my own, and I don't know how you can!"

But Georgie's mother, with amazed eyes, demanded explanations, and Georgie, driven to it, told his story. With the deepest interest, everybody listened. When he had finished, his mother sat down and laughed till the tears came into her eyes. Everybody laughed, and Georgie, scarlet and excited, joined in the laugh against himself and faced us all from the hearth-rug, with his hands in his pockets, defiant and yet ashamed.

"Georgie," said his mother, at last, "you take the first train to Pwellheli in the morning, and give back that child to his relations." Georgie set his teeth, and I knew that under his breath he made a good round vow to the contrary.

"Yes," said his mother, "I've spoiled you, Georgie, from the day you were born, but there are limits. Snakes are all very well, and even caterpillars—but a boy! When I think of what I went through whilst I was bringing *you* up. A boy! For me to adopt! My goodness!"

(Concluded on Page 86)

# THE FIRE-EATERS

## "Gentlemen's Battles" Under the Code of Honor

## By John S. Wise

A LULL of fifteen years in hostilities followed the last described events in our family, due, I presume, to the fact that in 1844 my father went to Brazil, and after his return he was past the dueling age. In 1855 he was elected Governor of Virginia, and I presume that one in such a position was an "immune," so to speak.

In the meanwhile my eldest brother was abroad, growing to manhood amid surroundings not calculated to reform any predilections for dueling derived from my father. From 1854 to 1858 he was Secretary of Legation, first at Berlin and then at Paris. When he returned he was not only an expert swordsman and firm believer in the code, but his delight in it was stimulated by the examples of his young friend Sidney Legaré, of South Carolina (a fellow-student in Germany, who attained membership in the Saxon Corps at Heidelberg by a brilliant victory over a celebrated German swordsman, in a fight with *schlagers*), and of another associate, Balie Peyton, Jr., who placed a French nobleman *hors de combat* in a duel at Paris with small-swords. The duello, as it was called, was to the European youth of that day what football and other athletic diversions are to our youth of the present. Among them a doubtful glance, a contemptuous expression, the slightest disregard of social amenities, called for prompt demand of apologies or a resort to the code.

When my father entered upon the duties of his office of Governor, on January 1, 1856, the political controversies in Virginia were very active. In a campaign of great excitement he had triumphed over the Know-Nothings, a party which had seized upon and absorbed, for the time being, the old Whig party, much as Bryan and free silver ran away with the Democracy forty years later. Of course, the Know-Nothings were opposed to him. But jealousies and antagonisms were not confined to them. The Virginia Democracy which elected him was divided into several factions. There were Douglas or "Squatter Sovereignty" Democrats, and Nullifying or Secession Democrats, and "States-Rights" Democrats. The first class were regarded as too subservient to the doctrines of Stephen A. Douglas in their desire to maintain the Union. The second were counted too radical in advocacy of secession. The third, to which my father belonged, claimed to represent the true Madisonian doctrine which, without advocating secession, demanded full recognition of the rights of the States. Strong men arrayed themselves in all these factions. Governor Floyd in the Southwest and the Honorable John S. Millson, of Norfolk, I recall as prominent friends of Douglas. The Honorable R. M. T. Hunter was the champion around whom the extremists rallied. The Honorable Lewis E. Harvie, James A. Seddon, Patrick Henry Aylett, John Rutherford and Roger A. Pryor I recall as leaders of his political hopes.

The Madisonian wing, which rallied around my father, embraced many of the younger element. There were William L. Jackson and his brother Ben, and Jonathan M. Bennett from the Northwest (now West Virginia), and John Randolph Tucker and Deneale from the Valley, and John Goode from the Southwest. All of these factions were bent upon the ascendency of their peculiar ideas and representatives, and correspondingly antagonistic, if not hostile, to each other.

After the victory of 1855 these warring factions had a short period of fraternity, rejoicing over their common victory, and the new administration of Governor Wise was subjected only, for a while, to Know-Nothing criticism.

The Richmond Whig was the opposition organ. The Whig building overlooked the grounds of the Governor's mansion, and the paper was edited by a witty, dissipated fellow named Ridgeway. Those who knew him were fond of him.

As soon as my father arrived Ridgeway began to lampoon him in every issue of his paper. His favorite name for the Governor was "Old Ebo-Shin" and "Gizzard-foot," an expression derived from some description of the negro in one of my father's speeches. It was a catchy phrase and made people laugh. Then The Whig editor complained that the Governor kept peacocks in his yard to distract the editor, by their constant screeching, from composing his daily philippics against Democratic outrages. One day The Whig charged the Governor with the crime of tearing the trousers of Whig members of the Legislature, the specification being that my terrier-pup "Ebo-Shin" had nipped a dandy young Know-Nothing member, who teased him in the public grounds. I was immensely flattered at this notice. Ridgeway's screeds were amusing at first and everybody bought his papers and laughed. But, like most men who start out to be funny every day, he soon became simply vulgar and abusive.

There were three Democratic papers, as I recall them: The Enquirer, still controlled by the Ritchies in the person of William Foushee Ritchie; The Examiner, chiefly controlled and directed by Mr. Lewis E. Harvie in the interests of Mr. Hunter, and The South, a free lance, edited by Roger A. Pryor. This last was short-lived.

"No Wonder You Can't Hit Them," Said I. "Next Time Fight with Swords or Brickbats"

The Enquirer was our organ. Mrs. Ritchie, formerly known on the stage as Anna Cora Mowatt, was a beautiful and lovely woman and an enthusiastic friend of the Governor.

The Examiner was ardent in advocacy of Mr. Hunter's preferment at all times. That was not in itself offensive, for a warm personal friendship always existed between Mr. Hunter and my father, who refused to allow his name to be presented for Senator in opposition to Mr. Hunter. But as the discussion of Democratic candidates for the Presidency in 1860 began and both names were put forward as Virginia's favorite son, the feeling between the Hunter men and the Wise men became excited. Mr. Harvie, the most loyal and active friend Mr. Hunter ever had, was, in his day, one of the most virile, adroit, resourceful and tireless politicians that State ever produced. It is surprising how little the present generation knows of him. He was a man of indomitable will and persistency, extreme views, strong attachments, deep prejudices, great courage, and masterful control of his associates.

Around him he had grouped a coterie of young men, for whom he planned and whose movements he directed, whether it were to write or to fight for their cause. He was the Warwick of Virginia politics of that day and never seemed to wish public office. He lived to be a very old man, became much attached to my father after the war, and was one of the best-informed and most instructive men I ever talked with on political subjects. In early life he was a disciple of Mr. Calhoun, following his nullification doctrines to the extreme, and it goes without saying that he was a Secessionist. Mr. Harvie was not, however, conciliatory in the expression or the enforcement of his views—"on the contrary, quite the reverse." The things written by his subordinates in the organ he controlled were, consequently, apt to be biting and exasperating. His political method, too, in conventions, where his faction dominated, was to cut off debate and rush his measures through under the gag law. He held that Democrats vote the ticket when it is once fixed upon them.

The attitude of Pryor's paper, The South, was not, as I remember, so pronounced as between Hunter and Wise, but in those days Pryor had other troubles of his own. He fought a duel with Dr. Oswald B. Finney, a Whig Senator from Accomac, and wounded him badly. Afterward, in Congress, Pryor had a rather amusing controversy with a Western Congressman named Potter. I do not recall the facts beyond general recollection that Potter sneered at and repudiated the code, and offered to have their left wrists tied together and that they be left together in a room with bowie-knives in their right hands to fight until one or the other, or both, were dead. Men who knew Potter say he was just brave and reckless enough to have done what he proposed. But Pryor was not fool enough to accept any such tom-cat terms.

I hope the decorous and venerable Judge Pryor, who still survives, will not be shocked at this reference to his youthful escapades.

But a few years had elapsed since Thomas Ritchie, Jr., of The Enquirer, had killed John Hampden Pleasants, of The Whig, in a duel. It may thus be seen that the spirit of dueling was rampant in Virginia.

In 1857 my brother Jennings returned from France. He was thoroughly educated as a lawyer, but almost immediately decided to buy and become editor of The Enquirer. He bore the name of his maternal grandfather, Reverend Obadiah Jennings, a famous Presbyterian divine. To look at him one would have thought him some sort of divine, or poet, or peacemaker, for he was the very type of unpretentious gentleness and was, in truth, the sweetest man I ever knew.

I must describe him, for his appearance and his character were so at variance with every notion of a brawler or a

Editor's Note—This is the second of two papers by Mr. Wise on some famous American duels.

duelist that those who only knew of him by his stormy career in the next five years would have no conception of what sort of a man he really was. In stature he was rather diminutive, but very graceful. He wore no beard, and his deep chestnut ringlets clustered around a face from which innocence and purity seemed to speak through great, soulful eyes. His mouth bespoke eloquence and firmness, but had a singularly sweet and placid expression. His voice possessed masculine strength and fullness, with musical notes of tenderness like that of a woman. He had no vices. He neither swore nor drank nor gambled nor caroused. He was uncontaminated by his foreign life. He loved home better than any other place. He idolized his father, and was never so happy as in the company of his mother and sisters. It pleased him to escort them to divine worship. The beauties of the Bible were his delight; he could repeat chapters from Isaiah and Jeremiah and the Psalms. He loved the society of women; music, the fine arts, the drama and dancing were his delights. Women idolized "Jennings" Wise, as everybody called him. He had a store of stories of knights and ladies, fairies, giants, ogres and what-not, and pockets full of candies, that made children flock to him as to no other human being I ever saw. Men wondered at him and literally became his slaves. He was different from any other man they had ever seen. Even servants looked upon him as a marvel of placidity, content, gentleness and liberality.

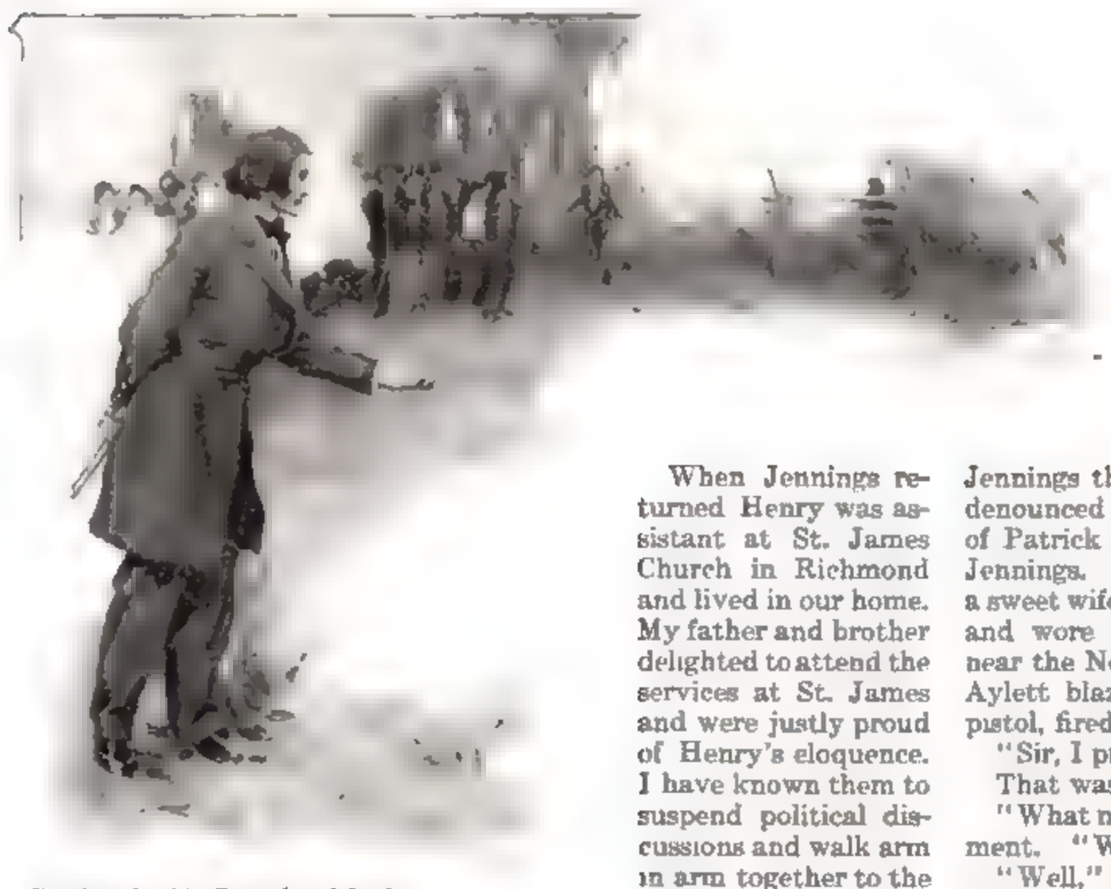
Within six months after his return to Virginia, at the age of twenty-five, he had established himself as a forceful writer and eloquent orator, and was the favorite in Richmond society. Speaking French and German like a native, he had a hold upon the foreign population more absolute than any politician in the State.

I slept in the same room with him. He said his prayers every night devoutly, and the sweetest voice in memory to me is his singing snatches of French or German songs in the early mornings as he bustled about after his ice-cold plunge. He was the cheeriest soul I ever knew, and the easiest to satisfy.

This picture may seem overdrawn, but it is not.

His home-coming was a joy unspeakable to my father, who loved him as the apple of his eye. They walked and talked and lived and thought together like lovers. The son seemed to mature each day, as the father grew younger, in blissful companionship.

There was another inmate of our home—my brother Henry, just attained to man's estate, of the very opposite of Jennings. He had been an impetuous, delicate, generous, irritable, stormy youth. Ambitious, full of nervous energy and disposed to be headstrong and rebellious, he gave promise of being a hard colt to break until he fell under the influence of Bishop Johns at old William and Mary College. The Bishop tamed him by the grace of God, and moulded him into a devout Christian of the St. Paul type. Henry deserved infinite credit for being the genuine Christian that he was, for he wrestled with the Old Adam in him every day of his life, and no man knew better than he what wrestling with the Spirit of Sin meant. Yet his intensely human knowledge of the strength and temptation of sin gave him the advantage, for he could play upon every human passion and weakness, and wound them so surely in their vitals that when he preached in Philadelphia or Baltimore or Richmond crowds flocked to him to hear his impassioned eloquence. Three men who were his classmates at the Theological Seminary of Virginia have told me at different times and in different places, each in ignorance of what the other had said, that, but for his early death from consumption, at the age of thirty-three, he would have attained eminence second to no pulpit orator of his time in America. Those men were Phillips Brooks, Bishop Potter and Bishop Alfred Randolph.



Fired in the Air, Bowed and Said:
"Sir, I Present You to Your Wife and Children"

When Jennings returned Henry was assistant at St. James Church in Richmond and lived in our home. My father and brother delighted to attend the services at St. James and were justly proud of Henry's eloquence. I have known them to suspend political discussions and walk arm in arm together to the church. After the services the three would return together. Jennings strolled beside them in silence.

Sometimes these discussions must have been edifying to the passers-by, for the old gentleman was both orator and theologian himself, and, deeply interested in the boy's triumph, would suggest improvements. On one occasion he objected to Henry's treatment of a certain text, and, undertaking to show how the sermon should have been preached, stopped on the deserted streets and delivered his sermon, until the practical Jennings suggested with a smile that, if he did not move on, he would soon have a congregation.

Thus, when I was about twelve years old, the Lion and the Lamb were living together in our house, and I was the little child who was not to lead them, but to decide which I would follow.

So far so good, as the saying is. Now we come to a new phase of the situation. When I think of the things they talked about and the things they did, and try to adjust their relations to each other, I wonder whether I am dreaming; and if I am not dreaming the wonder grows in the vain effort to try to understand how they could have thought and acted as they did.

When it came to the parting of the roads, as it soon did, I followed, in faith and practice, for a long time, the example of the two men I loved and honored more than any two I ever knew, in spite of the indignant protests of Henry, who denounced Jennings as violating every law of God and of common-sense by clinging to a barbarous practice. Even at the risk of rebuke, he reproached my father; told him boldly he was old enough to know better, adding that, if Jennings should fall, he would be aroused too late to a sense of his sin and die embittered by a mistake that was irreparable.

I never did hear Henry's eloquence and logic answered. But there was, I confess, a fascination about that box of English dueling pistols, kept by Jennings in his bureau drawers, that is indescribable.

By the time Jennings returned to Virginia the tone of politics had grown acrimonious. The Whig had become violently abusive. One day an unusually offensive editorial appeared. Nobody expected any trouble to result, for Ridgeway, the editor, had degenerated into a common scold, and his railings and carpings no longer even attracted interest. Imagine, then, my surprise the next morning to see in great headlines, in all the newspapers, accounts of what had occurred.

Jennings had gone, with a little rattan cane, to the editorial sanctum of The Whig. He was admitted because he was unknown. After inquiring if the person present was Mr. Ridgeway, he informed the editor who he was and proceeded to chastise him. Ridgeway called for help and no serious damage was done. Jennings not only made no mention of the occurrence at home, but had been unusually bright and charming that evening and had retired early. I, his roommate, chided him for not taking me into his confidence. He only laughed and said that little children ought not to have so much curiosity.

Ridgeway had enough. He fought no duel and was afterward very civil.

After that Jennings was kept fairly busy, for two years, "defending his father's reputation," as he called it. He never in his life had a misunderstanding on his own account with anybody. I cannot recall the order in which his duels came, but they came fast and furious. I may not state them in their regular order, but that makes no difference.

One day The Examiner reflected, as Jennings thought, upon my father. In The Enquirer he denounced the author. Patrick Henry Aylett, a grandson of Patrick Henry, avowed his authorship and challenged Jennings. Of course, my brother accepted. Aylett had a sweet wife and two little children; was very near-sighted and wore glasses. On the dueling-ground, somewhere near the North Carolina line below Danville, they fought. Aylett blazed away precipitately. Jennings elevated his pistol, fired in the air, bowed and said:

"Sir, I present you to your wife and children."

That was a new one on me.

"What made you do that?" said I, in boyish disappointment. "Why didn't you shoot him in the legs?"

"Well," said Jennings, "we traveled down there in a baggage-car, to avoid observation. That night I watched him as he sat off by himself. He looked sad. I thought he was thinking of his wife and children, and it made me think of them, too; and I then resolved to do as I did. I did not want his blood. He did the challenging. If he was satisfied, I was."

A month later he was out for another duel with William Old, Jr., another of Mr. Harvie's fire-eating editors, for some cause. Everybody missed everybody and it was all adjusted.

Then he had a controversy with Beverley Douglas. They reached the dueling-grounds, where the matter was not only adjusted, but he and old Beverley, one of the best fellows in the world, became sworn friends. Then there was some sort of trouble with Charles Irving, of Powhatan. What it was or how it ended is unimportant.

Our household was in a constant turmoil. Our mother, my father's third wife, consequently the mother of none of us, was an invalid. She was a devout Christian and loved us devotedly, as we did her. These excitements nearly killed her. She spent her time praying for Jennings while he was absent, and begging him to abandon dueling when he was present. Henry, the preacher, was in turns distressed, indignant and affectionate. My father had very little to say. It did not lie in his mouth to chide him or dissuade Jennings.

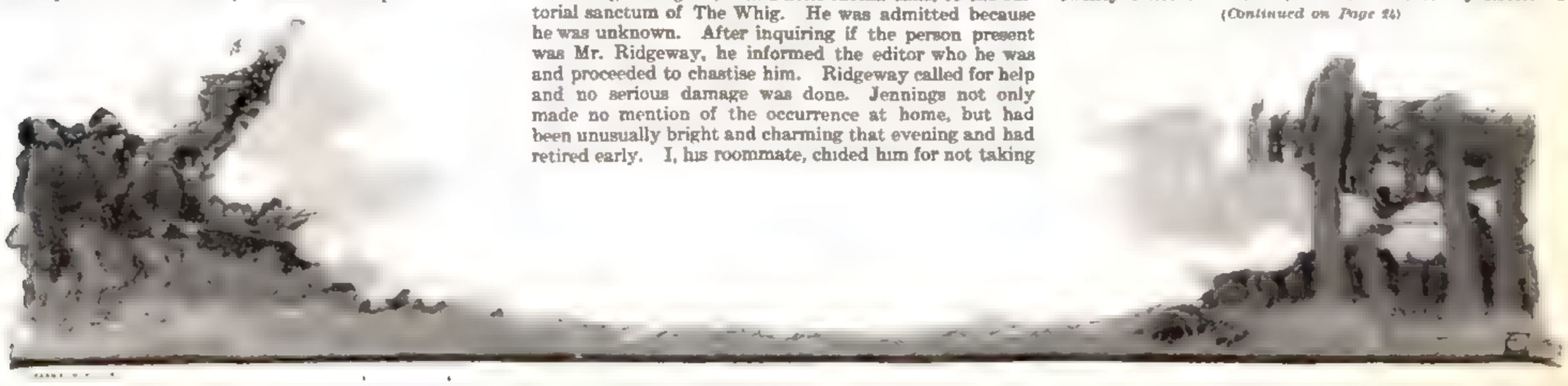
As for myself, I was rampant on duels. They could not come fast enough to satisfy me. I simply devoured every book I could lay my hands on containing accounts of dueling. Handy Andy and Charles O'Malley were of my favorite style of literature. I had an old horse-pistol. I would draw the figure of a man on the brick wall of our garden, and wheel and fire at it by the hour.

Jennings would not tell me much, but was amused at my impatience because he did not hit somebody. He laughed heartily one day when I told him I believed he missed them because he was "skeered," and told it as a good joke on himself. At last, one bright afternoon, he agreed to take a long walk with me, and I suggested that he permit me to put his pistol-box in my school satchel, and that when we reached the country we might practice. We had a charming walk, and away out beyond Hollywood Cemetery we practiced with the pistols, undisturbed. He was unmistakably the poorest shot I ever saw. I was not even twelve years of age, but I was an infinitely better shot than was he.

"No wonder you can't hit them," said I. "Next time fight with swords or brickbats—anything but pistols." And we laughed over it as a good joke.

Soon after this I was sent to school in the country, about twenty miles from town, at the home of my sister. I

(Continued on Page 24)



# THE FIGHTING CHANCE

VI

## By ROBERT W. CHAMBERS

AUTHOR OF IOLE, ETC.

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AFTER the first few days of his arrival at Shotover time had threatened to hang heavily on Mortimer's mottled hands. After the second day afield he recognized that his shooting career was practically over; he had become too bulky during the last year to endure the physical exertion; his habits, too, had at length made traitors of his eyes; a half-hour's snipe-shooting in the sun, and the veins in his neck swelled ominously. Panting, eyes inflamed, fat arms wobbly, he had scored miss after miss, and labored onward, sullenly persistent to the end. But it was the end. That cup day finished him; he recognized that he was done for. And, following the Law of Pleasure, which finishes us before we are finished with it, he did not experience any particular sense of deprivation in the prospect. Only the wholesome dread caging. But Mortimer, not yet done with self-indulgence in more convenient forms, cast about him within his new limits for occupation between those hours consecrated to the rites of the table and the card-room.

He drove four, but found that it numbed his arms, and that the sea air made him sleepy. Motor-cars agreed with him only when driving with a pretty woman. Forced through *ennui* to fish off the rocks, he soon tired of the sea-perch and rock-cod, and the malodors of periwinkle and clam.

Then he frankly took to Major Belwether's sunny side of the gun-room, with illustrated papers and apples and decanter. But Major Belwether, always as careful of his digestion as of his financial secrets, blandly dodged the pressing invitations to rum and confidence, until Mortimer sulkily took up his headquarters in the reading-room, on the chance of his wife's moving elsewhere. Which she did, unobtrusively carrying Captain Voucher with her in a sudden zeal for billiard practice on rainy mornings, now too frequent along the coast.

Mortimer possessed that mysterious talent, so common among the financially insolvent, for living lavishly on an invisible income. But, plan as he would, he had never been able to increase that income through confidential gossip with men like Quarrier or Belwether, or even Ferrall. What information his pretty wife might have extracted he did not know; her income had never visibly increased above the vanishing point, although, like himself, she denied herself nothing. One short, lively interview with her had been enough to drive all partnership ideas out of his head. If he wanted to learn anything financially advantageous to himself he must do it without her aid; and as he was perpetually in hopes of the friendly hint that never came, he still moused about when opportunity offered; and this also helped to kill time.

Meanwhile, the wealthy master of Black Fells, Beverly Plank, had found encouragement enough at Shotover to venture on tentative informality. There was no doubt that ultimately he must be counted on in New York; but nobody except he was impatiently cordial for the event; and so, at the little house party, he slipped and slid from every attempt at closer quarters, until, rolling smoothly enough, he landed without much discomfort somewhere between Mr. and Mrs. Leroy Mortimer. And it was not a question as to "which would be good to him," observed Major Belwether, with his misleading and benevolent mirth; "it was which would be goodest quickest!"

And Mrs. Mortimer, abandoning Captain Voucher by the same token, displayed certain warning notices perfectly comprehensive to her husband. And at first he was inclined to recognize defeat.

The evening previous, to his intense disgust, host, hostess and guests had retired early, in view of the point-shooting at dawn. For not only was there to be no point-shooting for him, but he had risen from the card-table heavily hit; and besides, for the first time his apples and port had disagreed with him.

As he had not risen until mid-day he was not sleepy. Books were an aversion equaled only by distaste for his own company. Irritated, bored, he had perforce sulkily entered the elevator and passed to his room, where there was nothing on earth for him to do except to thumb over last week's sporting periodicals and smoke himself stupid.

But it required more than that to ensnare the goddess of slumber. He walked about the room, haunted of slow thoughts; he stood at the rain-smeared pane, fat fingers resting on the glass. The richly-flavored cigar grew distasteful; and if he could not smoke, what, in pity's name, was he to do?

Involuntarily his distended eyes wandered to his wife's locked and bolted door; then he thought of Beverly Plank, and his own failure to fasten himself upon that anxiously overcordial individual with his houses and his villas and his yachts and his investments!

He stepped to the switch and extinguished the lights in his room. Under the door, along the sill, a glimmer came from his wife's bedchamber. He listened; the maid was still there; so he sat down in the darkness to wait; and by-and-by he heard the outer bedroom door close, and the subdued rustle of the departing maid.

Then, turning on his lights, he moved ponderously and jauntily to his wife's door and knocked discreetly.

Leila Mortimer came to the door and opened it; her hair was coiled for the night, her pretty figure outlined under a cascade of clinging lace.

"What is the matter?" she asked quietly.

"Are you point-shooting to-morrow?"

"No."

"I wanted to chat with you."

"I'm sorry. I'm driving to Wenniston, after breakfast, with Beverly Plank, and I need sleep."

"I want to talk to you," he repeated doggedly.

She regarded him for a moment in silence, then, with an assenting gesture, turned away into her room, and he followed, heavily apprehensive, but resolved.

She had seated herself among a pile of cushions, one knee crossed over the other, her slim white foot half-concealed by the silken toe of her slipper. And as he pulled a chair forward for himself, her pretty black eyes, which slanted a little, took his measure and divined trouble.

"About this man Plank," he began, louder than he had intended, through sheer self-mistrust; and his wife made a quick, disdainful sign of caution, which subdued his voice instantly. "Why can't we take him up—together, Leila?" he ended lamely, furious at his own uneasiness in a matter which might concern him vitally.

"I see no necessity of your taking him up," observed his wife serenely. "I can do what may be useful to him in town."

"So can I. There are clubs where he ought to be seen ——"

"I can manage such matters much better."

"You can't manage everything," he insisted sullenly. "There are chances of various sorts——"

"Investments?" asked Mrs. Mortimer, with bright malice.

"See here, Leila, you have your own way too much. I say little; I make few observations; but I could, if I cared to. . . . It becomes you to be civil, at least. I want to talk over this Plank matter with you; I want you to listen, too."

A shade of faint disgust passed over her face. "I am listening," she said.

"Well, then, I can see several ways in which the man can be of use to me. . . . I discovered him before you did, anyway. And what I want to do is to have a frank, honorable——"

"A—*what?*"

"An honorable understanding with you, I said," he repeated, reddening.

"Oh! I see. And what then?"

"What then?"

"Yes; what then?"

"Why, you and I can arrange to stand behind him this winter in town, can't we?"

"And then?"

"Then—hang it!—the beggar can show his gratitude, can't he?"

"How?" she asked listlessly.

"By making good. How else?" he retorted savagely. "He can't welsh, because there's little to climb for beyond us; and even if he climbs, he can't ignore us. I can do as many things for him in my way as you can in yours. What is the use of being a pig, Leila? Anything he does for me isn't going to cancel his obligations to you."

"I know him better than you do," she observed, bending her head and plaiting the lace on her knee. "There is Dutch blood in him."

"Not good Hollander, but common Dutch," sneered Mortimer. "And you mean he'll squeeze a dollar till the eagle screams—don't you?"

She sat silent, plaiting her lace with steady fingers.

"Well, that's all right, too," laughed Mortimer easily: "let the Audubon Society worry over the eagle. It's a perfectly plain business proposition; we can do for him in a couple of winters what he can't do for himself in ten. Figure it out for yourself, Leila," he said, waving a mottled fat hand at her.

"I—have," she said under her breath.

"Then is it settled?"

"Settled—how?"

"That we form ourselves into a benevolent society of two in behalf of Plank?"

"I—I don't want to, Roy," she said slowly.

"Why not?"

She did not say why not, seated there nervously plaiting the fragile stuff clinging to her knee.

"Why not?" he repeated menacingly. Her unexpectedly quiescent attitude had emboldened him to a bullying tone—something he had not lately ventured on.

She raised her eyes to his: "I—rather like him," she said quietly.

"Then he'll pay for that!" he burst out, mask off, every inflamed feature shockingly congested.

"Roy! You dare not do——"

"I tell you I——"

"You *dare* not!"

The palpitating silence lengthened; slowly the blood left the swollen veins. Heavy, pendulous lip hanging, he stared at her from distended eyes, realizing that he had forgotten himself. She was right. He dared not. And she held the whip-hand as usual.

For every suspicion he could entertain she had evidence of a certainty to match it; for every chance that he might have to prove anything, she had twenty proven facts. And he knew it. Why they had, during all these years, made any outward pretense of conjugal unity they alone knew. The *modus vivendi* suited them better than divorce; that was apparent, or had been until recently. Recently Leila Mortimer had changed—become subdued and softened to a degree that had perplexed her husband. Her attitude toward him lacked a little of the bitterness and contempt she usually reserved for him in private; she had become more prudent, almost cautious at times.

"I'll tell you one thing," he said with a sudden snarl; "you'd better be careful there is no gossip about you and Plank."

She reddened under the insult.

"Now we'll see," he continued venomously, "how far you can go alone."

"Do you suppose," she asked calmly, "that I am afraid of a divorce court?"

The question so frankly astonished him that he sat agape, unable to reply. For years he had very naturally supposed her to be afraid of it—afraid of not being qualified to obtain it. Indeed, he had taken that for granted as the very corner-stone of their mutual toleration. Had he been an ass to do so? A vague alarm took possession of him; for, with that understanding, he had not been at all careful of his own behavior, neither had he been at any particular pains to conceal his doings from her. His alarm increased. What had he against her, after all, except ancient suspicions now so confused and indefinite that memory itself outlawed the case, if it ever really existed? What had she against him? Facts—unless she was more stupid than any of her sex he had ever encountered. And now, this defiance, this increasing prudence, this subtle change in her, began to make him anxious for the permanency of the small income she had allowed him during all these years—doled out to him, as he believed, through her dormant fear of him.

"What are you talking about?" he said harshly.

"I believe I mentioned divorce."

"Well, cut it out! D'ye see? Cut it, I say. You'd stand as much chance before a referee as a snowball in Hades."

"There's no telling," she said coolly, "until one tries."

He glared at her, then burst into a laugh. "Rot!" he said thickly. "Talk sense, Leila! And keep this hard-headed Dutchman for yourself, if you feel that way about it. *I* don't want to butt in. I only thought—for old times' sake—perhaps you'd——"

"Good-night," she managed to say, her disgust almost strangling her.

And he went, furtively, heavy-footed, perplexed, inwardly cursing his blunder in stirring up a sleeping lioness whom he had so long mistaken for a dozing cat.

For hours he sat in his room, or paced along the four walls, doubtful, chagrined, furious by turns. Once he drew out a memorandum-book and stood under a lighted sconce, studying the figures. His losses at Shotover staggered him, but he had looked to his wife heretofore in such emergencies.

Certainly the time had come for him to do something. But what—if his wife was going to strike such attitudes in the very face of decency? Certainly a husband in these days was without honor in his own household.

His uneasiness had produced a raging thirst. He punched an electric button with his fleshy thumb, and prowled around, waiting. Nobody came; he punched again, and looked at his watch. It astonished him to find the hour was three o'clock in the morning. That discovery, however, only appeared to increase his thirst. He opened the hall-door, prepared to descend into the depths of the house and raid a sideboard; and as he thrust his heavy head out into the lighted corridor his eyes fell upon two figures standing at the open door of a bedroom. One was Siward; that was plain. *Who* was the girl he had kissed? One of the maids? Somebody's wife? Who?

Every dull pulse began to hammer in Mortimer's head. In his excitement he stepped half-way into the corridor, then skipped nimbly back, closing his door without a sound.

"Sylvia Landis, by all that's holy!" he breathed to himself, and sat down rather suddenly on the edge of the bed.

After a while he rose and crept to the door, opened it, glued his eyes to the crack in time to catch a glimpse of Siward entering his own corridor alone.

And that night, Mortimer, lying awake in bed, busy with schemes, became conscious of a definite idea. It took shape and matured so suddenly that it actually shocked his moral sense. Then it scared him.

"But—but *that* is blackmail!" he whispered aloud. "A man can't do that sort of thing. What the devil ever put it into my head? . . . And there *are* men I know—women, too—scoundrelly blackguards, who'd use that information somehow; and make it pay, too. . . . The scoundrels!"

He squirmed down among the bedclothes with a sudden shiver; but the night had turned warm.

"Scoundrels!" he said with milder emphasis. "Blackmailers! Contemptible pups!"

He fell asleep an hour later, muttering something incoherent about scoundrels and blackmail.

And meanwhile, in the darkened house, from all round came the noise of knocking on doors, sounds of people stirring—a low voice here and there, lights breaking out from transoms, the thud of rubber-shod heels, the rattle of cartridges from the echoing gun-room. For the guests at Shotover were awaking, lest the wet sky, whitening behind the east, ring with the whimpering wedges of wildfowl rushing seaward over empty blinds.

The unusual stillness of the house in the late morning sunshine was pleasant to Miss Landis. She had risen very late, unconscious of the stir and movement before dawn; and it was only when a maid told her, as she came from her bath, that she remembered the projected point-shooting, and concluded, with an odd, happy sense of relief, that she was almost alone in the house.

A little later, glancing from her bedroom window for a fulfillment of the promise of the sun which a glimpse of blue sky heralded, she saw Leila Mortimer settling herself in the forward seat of an automobile, and Beverly Plank climbing in beside her; and she watched Plank steer the big machine across the wet lawn, while the machinist swung himself into the tonneau; and away they rolled, faster, faster, rushing out into the misty *hinterland*, where the long streak of distant forest already began to brighten, edged with the first rays of watery sunshine.

So she had the big house to herself—every bit of it!—and with it freedom from obligation, from comment, from demand or exaction; freedom from restraint; liberty to roam about, to read, to dream, to idle, to remember! Ah, that was what she needed—a quiet interval in this

"About This Man Plank," He Began, Louder than He Had Intended

hurrying youth of hers to catch her breath once more, and stand still, and look back a day or two and remember.

So, to breakfast all alone was delicious; to stroll, unhurried, to the sideboard and leisurely choose among the fresh, cool fruits; to loiter over cream-jug and cereal; to saunter out into the freshness of the world and breathe it, and feel the sun warming cheek and throat, and the little breezes from a sunlit sea stirring the bright strands of her hair.

In the increasing brilliancy of the sunshine she stretched out her hands, warming them daintily as she might twist them before the fire on the hearth. And here, at the fragrant hearth of the world, she stood, sweet and fresh as the morning itself, untroubled gaze intensely blue with the tint of the purple sea, sensitive lips scarcely parting in the dreaming smile that made her eyes more wonderful.

As the warmth grew on land and water, penetrating her body, a faintly delicious glow responded in her heart—nothing at first wistful in the serene sense of well-being, stretching her rounded arms skyward in the unaccustomed luxury of a liberty which had become the naïvely unconscious license of a child. The poise of sheer health stretched her to tiptoe; then the graceful tension relaxed, and her smooth fingers uncurled, tightened, and fell limp as her arms fell and her superb young figure straightened, confronting the sea.

Out over the rain-wet, odorous grass she picked her way, skirts swung high above the delicate contour of ankle and limb, following a little descending path she knew full of rocky angles, swept by pendant sprays of blackberry, and then down under the jutting rock, south through thickets of wild cherry along the crags, until before her the way opened downward again where a tiny crescent beach glimmered white hot in the sun.

From his bedroom window Mortimer peeped forth, following her progress with a leer.

As she descended, noticing the rifts of bronzing seaweed piled along the tide mark, her foot dislodged a tiny triangle of rock, which rolled clattering and ringing below; and as she sprang lightly to the sand, a man, lying full length and motionless as the heaped seaweed, raised himself on one arm, turning his sun-dazzled eyes on her.

The dull shock of surprise halted her as Siward rose to his feet, still dazed, the sand running from his brown shooting-clothes over his tightly-strapped puttees.

"Have you the faintest idea that I supposed you were here?" she asked briefly. Then, frank in her disappointment, she looked up at the cliffs overhead, where her line of retreat lay.

"Why did you not go with the others?" she added, unsmiling.

"I—don't know. I will, if you wish." He had colored, slowly, the frank disappointment in her face penetrating his surprise; and now he turned around, instinctively, also looking for the path of retreat.

"Wait," she said, aware of her own crude attitude and confused by it; "wait a moment, Mr. Siward. I don't mean to drive you away."

"It's self-exile," he said quietly; "quite voluntary, I assure you."

"Mr. Siward!"

And, as he looked up coolly, "Have you nothing more friendly to say to me? Is your friendship for me so limited that my first caprice oversteps the bounds? Must I always be in dread of wounding you when I give you the privilege of knowing me better than anybody ever knew me—of seeing me as I am, with all my faults, my failings, my impulses, my real self? . . . I don't know why the pleasure of being alone to-day should have meant exclusion for you, too. It was the unwelcome shock of seeing anybody—a selfish enjoyment of myself—that surprised me into rudeness. That is all. . . . Can you not understand?"

"I think so. I meant no criticism——"

"Wait, Mr. Siward!" she commanded as he moved slowly toward the path. "You force me to say other things which you have no right to hear. . . . After last night"—the vivid tint grew in her face—"after such a night, is it not—natural—for a girl to creep off somewhere by herself and try to think a little?"

He had turned full on her; the answering color crept to his forehead.

"Is *that* why?" he asked slowly.

"Is it not a reason?"

"It was my reason—for being here."

She bit her bright lip. This trend to the conversation was ominous, and she had meant to do her drifting alone in still sun-dreams, fearing no witness, no testimony, no judgment save her own self in court with herself.

"I—I suppose you cannot go—*now*," she reflected innocently.

"Indeed I can, and must."

"And leave me here to dig in the sand with my heels? *Merci!*"

"Do you mean——"

"I certainly do, Mr. Siward. I don't want to dream, now; I don't care to reflect. I did, but here you come blundering into my private world and upset my calculations and change my intentions! It's a shame, especially as you've been lying here doing what I wished to do for goodness knows how long!"

"I'm going," he said, looking at her curiously.

"Then you are very selfish, Mr. Siward."

"We will call it that," he said with an odd laugh.

"Very well." She seated herself on the sand and calmly shook out her skirts.

"About what time would you like to be called?" he asked smilingly.

"Thank you, I shall do no sun-dreaming."

"Please. It is good for you."

"No, it isn't good at all. And I *am* grateful to you for waking me," she retorted with a sudden gay malice that subdued him. And she, delicate nose in the air, laughingly watching him, went on with her punishment: "You see what you've done, don't you?—saved me from an entire morning wasted in sentimental reverie over what might

(Continued on Page 31)

# AN ACCIDENTAL PLUTOCRAT

## By George Randolph Chester

IT WAS nearing noon when the Capricorn drew gradually nearer to the coast, finally heading for a shoal that looked to be unusually dangerous. The long stretch of reef had fringed the shore for miles, projecting from the water like the jagged spine of some monster sea-serpent, and the waves boiled and bubbled and frothed over it in a most uncomfortable manner. Captain Pike himself was at the wheel, his gray eye fixed ahead with calculating certainty. A turn, a veer, a quick reverse, a sharp plunge ahead, and they had threaded the barrier. The water seemed shallow and threatening inside, but the steersman picked his way with unerring skill, dashing directly for the sheer wall of red rock just ahead.

Young Mr. Hugg, up in the peak of the deck with Miss Vanstarvesynt, rose excitedly. The cliffs upon which they were plunging towered up two hundred feet, rugged and shadow-streaked and most uncompromisingly hard-looking. It did not seem possible that the ship could escape destruction. Either the captain had gone mad, or there had been some dreadful accident! Mr. G. Russell Cleve and Grace Doty came breathlessly crowding forward, joining the other young couple. Mrs. Doty rushed into her stateroom and climbed into her berth, where she would be safe no matter what happened. The elder Vanstarvesynts sat unmoved. If they had to die, they would do it decently and without any undignified commotion. At no time on the voyage had they been of so much credit to Mr. Vanstarvesynt's six successive forefathers as at the present moment.

Only one other couple was equally calm, but the Romance deserved no credit for it. The Romance consisted of Miss Ida Doty and Mr. Swain, and, absorbed in the bliss of silently holding hands, it did not know that there was a hubbub aboard or a death-threatening cliff ahead.

Master Belmont Vanstarvesynt found Jimmy Doty clutching him by the arm.

"Kin you swim?" demanded Jimmy. "I kin. Four ways. Overhand, an' on m' back, an' dog-fashion, an' frog-fashion!"

"I have merely been taught plain swimming and diving," confessed Master Belmont, his soul bathed in sudden bitterness. Sometimes it was hard to live up to a string of illustrious grandfathers, and sometimes it was hard not to envy common boys like this mere tradesman's son. He moved away to himself.

Forward in the peak of the deck the two couples of young people, heretofore the oil and water of shipboard society, had become reassorted under the stress of imminent peril. Miss Vanstarvesynt, the daughter of Forefathers, was persistently unaware that she was allowing

"Say, Grace, Just You Keep on Being Friendly With that Young Hugg"

herself to grip the sleeve of G. Russell Cleve, black-haired Commercial Adventurer, and he hesitated to call her attention to the pleasant fact. Miss Doty, daughter of mere Trade—ginghams, thread, nutmegs and the like—looked up and found at her side Steven Hugg, son of crisp, new Money. He smiled down at her reassuringly. He was pink and plump like his father, though quite a bit taller and ever so much more athletic. No doubt he could swim splendidly.

Mr. Doty and the elder Mr. Hugg found themselves confronting each other, wide-eyed, in the centre of the deck. Mr. Hugg was pale, but Mr. Doty was the more excited of the two. He suddenly shook his pudgy finger in Mr. Hugg's face.

"The plutocrats are the ruination of this country!" he declared with deadly vehemence.

At that moment there appeared an opening in the impenetrable cliff where there had been no opening. It was a sidling entrance, much like the secretive flap to a small circus tent, where a vast vertical wedge of rock overlapped another vast vertical wedge, leaving a narrow passageway that could scarcely be seen a hundred yards away.

It was a breathless bit of seamanship. Once only the vessel slightly scraped in its passage, and then it slowly emerged into fairyland. Before them lay a placid, oval lake, mirroring in its clear expanse a vast, rugged circle of sky-line, where the surrounding walls of granite shut off this retreat from the rest of the world. On the sea side of the lake the red granite cliffs rose sheer from the water. On the far side there was a sloping, pebbly shore, leading back to a beautiful, green-carpeted valley, and beyond the valley was a forest of waving trees that sloped back and upward to where the red cliffs again sprang up in a frowning barrier against the outside world. A warm sun flooded forest and valley and lake, and birds of brilliant plumage flitted to and fro in the balmy air.

"Gee!" said Jimmy Doty.

Even Mrs. Vanstarvesynt was forced to commend Nature for the very praiseworthy effort made in her behalf.

"Quite impressive," she graciously admitted.

The Romance shifted a trifle and got a better hand-hold. Mrs. Hugg quietly hid the two life-preservers she had been trying to dispose about her ample person. Miss Vanstarvesynt let go of Mr. Cleve's sleeve.

Captain Pike suddenly appeared among them.

"This is Pike's Cove," he announced, addressing them collectively. "Nobody knows about this place but me and my crew. It's mighty interesting, this place—and another interesting thing is my cargo. I might as well tell you the truth about my cargo. The hold of the Capricorn is chocked solid with rifles and ammunition for President Trojas, and he has to have 'em. You see, the Chilean Revolution has broke out ahead o' time. That dispatch-boat that jumped out o' the fog this mornin' brought the news. Valparaiso Bay just now is about the nervousest place on the globe; air plumb full o' flyin' iron, an' water jammed thick with torpedoes. Now, here's my fix: I can't take you with me into the chance of a scrimmage; I can't spare the time to put back to Callao, an' I can't land you at some coastwise town on account o' spies. So I reckon you folks will just have to camp out here for a day or so till I can come back and pick you up. Awful nice place, this."

A hawk in a chicken-yard could not have created more commotion. Mrs. Vanstarvesynt, the first to regain consciousness, announced with cold finality that the thing was impossible.

"Exactly," agreed her husband, and told the captain about it. Mr. Vanstarvesynt had a first cousin who was Minister to France, a second cousin who was brother-in-law to a member of the President's Cabinet, and a brother who was United States Consul at Valparaiso.

"And you don't want any international complications, I am sure, my good man," he advised the captain.

"I should say *not!*" agreed the captain. "You folks had better be hustlin' your traps together as fast as you can. We're losin' an awful lot o' time."

Mr. Vanstarvesynt fell back annoyed—he said so—and gave way to Mr. Hugg, who tried the force of bribery. G. Russell Cleve threatened the power of the South American West Coast Guarantee Investment and Development Company. To all these weighty arguments the captain was obdurate. To the last one he guffawed.

Mr. Cleve, nevertheless, was the first one to take it philosophically. His keen black eyes held resource in their depths, and he suddenly asked the captain who owned Pike's Cove.

"Chile, I reckon," replied the captain.

Mr. Cleve then wanted to know the latitude and longitude, which the captain told him with great exactness; the distance from San Francisco, which the captain approximated; and what the captain intended to do with his secret knowledge of the place, which the captain flatly refused to divulge. In nowise cast down by the rebuff, Mr. Cleve wrote a letter which the captain afterward doubtfully promised to deliver in Valparaiso.

The tormented mariner hoped that now he would be permitted to escape, but before he could reach the companionway Mr. Doty confronted him with his ominous finger up and his whiskers quivering.

"Is, or is not, this proceeding a high-handed outrage?" he demanded.

"It is!" roared Captain Pike, and then went below to swear most horribly at the cook.

*II*

THE task of getting the luggage ashore was a huge one. First came the trunks of the Vanstarvesynts, six in number and all old and respectable and belabeled. Then ten trunks for the Huggs, all shockingly bright and expensive. Then one trunk, three barrels and six huge packing cases for the Dotys, a big tent for the Dotys, a plow and a harrow and a reaper for the Dotys, a crate of spades and picks and hoes and rakes for the Dotys, a churn, a sewing-machine and a washing-machine for the Dotys, six cots, six camp stools, a camp cooking outfit, and, lastly, a horse and a cow, all for the Dotys. The ex-merchant had come prepared to revel in hardship and work, and, the dream of his life about to be fulfilled, had brought along all the paraphernalia of those blissful and long-anticipated farming delights. Also he had brought with him all the stock of general merchandise that he had not been able to dispose of in his Grand Closing-Out Sale. Some of it might come handy on that Argentine farm to which the Dotys were going.

G. Russell Cleve brought his own luggage ashore in a suit-case.

Captain Pike's crew worked like Trojans. They first helped Mr. Doty to put up his big, snow-white tent, as being the handiest and most showy thing to do, and then they turned their attention to the problem of housing the rest of the colony. The captain came to Mrs. Vanstarvesynt with a clever idea.

"Suppose we see if Mr. Doty won't let you women-folks all use his tent, and then let us put up another one with tarpaulins and spare sails for the men-folks," he suggested.

Mrs. Vanstarvesynt crippled his intellect with a calm, but firm, gesture. The possibility of the Vanstarvesynt ladies living in such intimacy with the women-folks of a tradesman and with a stout matron who donned diamonds at daybreak was too preposterous for explanation.

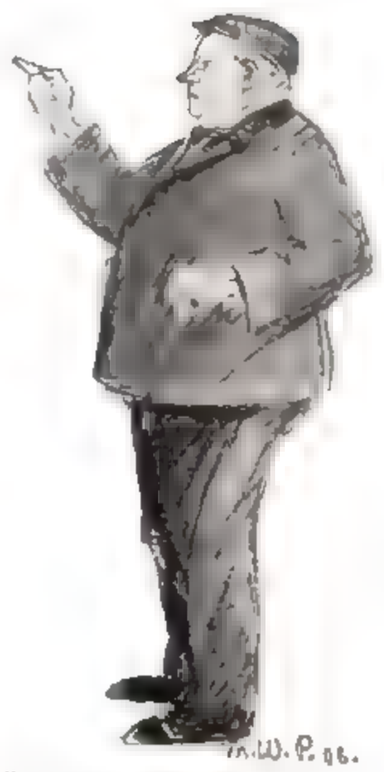
"Quite, quite out of the question," she assured him, in such a manner that Captain Pike, at certain times extremely distrustful of his language, rowed right off to the ship to relieve his need of forceful expression on the cook.

Two dingy tents were erected, one on either side of the Doty camp, but at some little distance from it, and then a very small one was constructed of one solitary sail for Mr. Cleve and Mr. Swain. It was away at the far end of the valley, beyond the Hugg headquarters—where a naturally water-shedded bank formed a convenient rear wall—and was a queer-looking contrivance in which one could not possibly stand up nor comfortably lie down. The captain, after he had furnished it sumptuously with two hammocks, showed it to the prospective occupants with some trepidation, but with a willingness to fight if need be. No battle was necessary. Mr. Swain was too happily benumbed to notice anything whatever, and Mr. Cleve merely paused long enough to find a name for it; then, dubbing it "the Kennel," he cheerfully flung his suit-case inside.

Supper was brought, smoking hot, from the ship, the colony was stocked with canned goods and like provisions, and the captain stepped into his yawl.

"I reckon that you'll have such a good time you'll be kind of sorry when I come back to get you," he said in parting. Then he rowed away, leaving the Pike's Cove Colony, incongruous social chow-chow that it was, to its own devices.

And Captain Pike never came back!



"I Carried a Horse for My Dinner for Over a Year When I was a Young Man"

*III*

SCARCELY had the Capricorn disappeared than the broad, roomy tent of the Dotys, looming white in the centre of the encampment and dominating it completely, became a subject of discord. Mrs. Vanstarvesynt felt, and justly, that it should be hers by right of birth and breeding and social preëminence.

"Chalmers," she directed, "you really must go over and rent that tent. It is quite preposterous that those tradespeople should have such superior accommodations."

"Exactly," agreed her husband, and started to look after the matter.

At precisely the same moment Mr. Hugg started from his own quarters on a similar errand. Seeing Mr. Vanstarvesynt, he hurried. It was quite impossible for a Vanstarvesynt to hurry, and so Mr. Hugg reached the tent first—and he bought it for two hundred dollars, spot cash, giving his own tent to boot. Mr. Vanstarvesynt walked back to his own shelter with no impairment of his dignity whatever, and reported the circumstance.

"Bought it!" commented his wife. "How ostentatious."

"Exactly," said Mr. Vanstarvesynt. "I am annoyed."

"The entire proceedings of the day are incredible," protested the lady, and to add to her distress the laugh of Gertrude Vanstarvesynt at that moment floated up from the beach. It was a free laugh, an unrestrained laugh, almost boisterous, in fact; not at all in the set Vanstarvesynt form of four diminishing and carefully modulated "ha's." It was a deliberate defiance, too, that laugh.

The sun had just gone down behind a horizon of salmon pink. The western sky, above the now dark cliffs across the lake, was filled with a mass of gauze-like clouds that spun out upon their under sides in glossy filaments like a huge tangle of scarlet silk threads. Just above this tangle there floated a fleet of tiny, pearl-gray clouds, each with a vivid carmine keel. The gold of the sunset blended up behind these, through softly changing shades of yellow and pale green to the darkening steel blue of the vault overhead. The four young people had been studying the riot of color in deep absorption. It was G. Russell Cleve who had first given voice to his emotions.

"It beats the band, don't it?" he observed. "If a fellow could just scrape off that color up there and put it in tubes he could make Standard Oil look like a peanut-stand for profits. Why, there's enough red on that mass of clouds to make a carload. I don't know but you could sell stock in the company, anyhow. The Consolidated Pink Sky Corporation would look pretty bright on a chromo-printed prospectus."

It was then that Gertrude Vanstarvesynt, after a moment of puzzled sensations, detected that she was going to laugh, and with swift determination she decided to forsake precedent and let her lungs have a chance at it. She stopped and listened to herself critically. On the whole, she rather liked it. The others were laughing, too, but with them the act was not an epoch. She started in again and laughed until the rest were through.

Mr. Doty at that moment broke up the party by calling Grace. Mr. Steven Hugg walked back with her. Up in front of their own tent Mr. and Mrs. Vanstarvesynt confidently waited for Gertrude also to make her excuses at once, but they found it necessary at last to send Master Belmont after her. Mr. Cleve walked thoughtfully over to the Kennel. It rather dawned upon him that Master Belmont, without being so rude as to mention it, had conveyed to him the disapproval of the entire Vanstarvesynt family, past, present and future. One could scarcely say that he was crushed, however.

When Grace and Steven Hugg reached the Doty tent they found the elder Hugg there buying cots at ten dollars apiece.

"And you don't want a patent stove-lid-lifter, do you?" asked Mr. Doty, his instincts of salesmanship now fully aroused. "It's a fine, handy thing to have. Besides the stove-lid-lifter it's an ice-pick, tack and claw hammer, scissors-and-knife-sharpener, file, screw-driver, corkscrew, wrench and can-opener. Ten distinct and separate tools in one, and only half a dollar. Grace, go get one and show it to the gentlemen."

If Miss Doty was embarrassed by this she never flinched. She dived into the partly unpacked box, and presently came up with one of the combination lifters. If her cheeks were a bit pink, of course they were made so by the exertion only. She handed the lifter to her father, but looked Steven Hugg defiantly square in the eye.

"I'll take it," suddenly decided that young man.

"Did you ever see anything like those plutocrats?" observed Mr. Doty when they had gone. "Say, Grace, just you keep on being friendly with that young Hugg, and I'll get every cent he's got."

"Father," Grace suddenly flared, "I think you are just too mean to live!"

She flounced into the tent, leaving him in perplexity, and Mr. Vanstarvesynt came over to rent the only two cots that Mr. Doty would spare. He kept one for his wife, and sold Mr. Vanstarvesynt, instead, a patent stove-lid-lifter. Going inside the tent where his wife and Grace were stringing up hammocks, he laid two hundred and thirty-three dollars down in a neat little pile by the already lighted oil-lamp, weighting the bills with the silver.

"We'll just leave the light burn," he said. "Any time we wake up in the night and think we're not comfortable, we can glance right over at that money and feel better."

"You haven't a spare lamp that you can sell me, have you?" interrupted the voice of Mr. Hugg, and they sold him the lamp, hunting out a candle instead. Mr. Vanstarvesynt a few minutes later bought the candle. It was then that Mr. Doty became aroused to wrath over the ways of plutocrats.

"They're always wanting the best of everything for themselves, confound them!" he growled, pocketing the money. "Always greedy and envious, always oppressing their fellow-man with their wealth."

*IV*

STEVEN HUGG, clad in his bathing-suit and draped in a quilted bath-robe, slipped out of the big white tent very early the next morning, as was his athletic habit, but, early as he was, there were others up ahead of him. The only one in sight, however—and he had nearly plunged into the lake before he discovered her—was half-hidden by a big rock, patiently fishing and holding up her hand at him for silence.

"Hush!" she half-whispered as he came eagerly up to watch the sport. "You don't mind waiting for your swim until I catch this fish, do you? I've got a nibble."

"That's what you have," he answered excitedly, stooping down beside her.

They were both tensely silent for a while. The end of the pole jerked slightly, there came a sharper tug, and then the reel began to spin while the end of the pole bent heavily.

"He's got the bait and he's a whopper!" exulted Steven in a suppressed undertone. "Give him plenty of line! Give him plenty of line!"

His fingers were working convulsively in their eagerness to grab the pole. Both of them were standing up; both were bent forward with lips half-parted and hearts beating a tattoo; both stood motionless and breathless as statues.

The line suddenly slackened and Grace sighed her disappointment.

"He got away," she said dejectedly.

"No, no!" he replied quickly, in that same tense undertone. "Watch your line now, and when—— Now jerk!" he suddenly shouted aloud. "Quick! That's it! He's got the hook good! Give him plenty of line now, but reel up all the slack he lets you have!"

Grace was pallid and pink by turns, but she held her head and did as she was told, which was a triumph when it is considered that she had never before fished in any water larger than a country brook. The reel sang and whirred and the line almost smoked, until his fishship suddenly altered his direction to get rid of that annoying drag, and then she quickly reeled in. Steven Hugg, working in desperate sympathy beside her, swayed his body, stiffened his jaw, drew his fingers tense and held his breath as an aid while she was doing this, nobly crushing his awful craving to take the pole. Two or three times she got safely through this manœuvre, but at last there came the

"And the Cots, now: I Imagine We Have Them About Paid for," Suggested Mr. Vanstarvesynt

fatal moment when she accidently pressed the clutch of the reel and locked it, and a second later the pole was out of her hands and ten feet from shore. Involuntarily she rushed after it—and stopped with the water above her shoe-tops. She turned to scramble back in time to see Steven Hugg throw his bath-robe on the beach, and then his splendid self, flash, into the lake. Breathlessly she watched first one broad shoulder and then the other emerge from the water, rhythmically and roundly, and then he had the pole and was letting the fish drag him. To and fro they fought until, by a lucky chance, Steven got the line over a pile of rocks near the shore; and then he played the fish artistically down and came dragging it, still feebly fighting, in upon the sands.

"Fifteen pounds if he weighs an ounce!" he gloated. "Isn't he a beauty?"

"Glorious! You must help us eat him if you will," she offered. "We are going to have him for breakfast."

"I've been counting on just that treat," he rejoined, slipping on his bath-robe. "I'll go right in and put on my toggery, now that I've had my plunge."

They both laughed over his unexpected swim, and then he went swinging up to the white tent. Grace gazed after him in frank admiration. The beautiful picture of him, flashing, athletic and clean-limbed, into the lake, was permanent with her and occupied the big gilt frame in her mental photograph gallery.

"I didn't suppose rich people could be so nice and friendly and commonplace," she reflected, then suddenly remembered with dismay that she had intended to be quite distant with him the next time they met.

The sun was just finishing the gilding of the Pike's Cove sea-wall as the Dotys, Mr. Swain and the Junior Hugg sat on the Doty camp stools to a good breakfast of fresh figs, fish, soft-boiled eggs and coffee with fresh cream. It was a pleasant, talkative breakfast, and the hero of the meal was the mighty fisherman, Mr. Hugg.

"For the son of a money-pirate he's rather a likable young man," Mr. Doty admitted afterward.

"He's the swellest mash Grace ever had," volunteered Jimmy, and his sister Ida, awakening suddenly from her dreams, amazed him by boxing his ears. Love was a thing too sacred for flippancy Mr. Swain smiled dreamily and sought the soft hand that had slapped, with no sense of warning that the act might have been prophetic.

Steven Hugg gave such an enthusiastic description of his breakfast that the appetite of the Senior Hugg began to pain him. He went right over to the Dotys with his hair still standing.

"You wouldn't be offended if we'd offer to board with you until the captain returns, would you?" he inquired, sniffing the aroma of coffee.

"I should say not," replied Mr. Doty. "We've come thousands of miles after money."

Mr. Hugg gravely shook hands with him.

"I curried a horse for my dinner for over a year when I was a young man," he said. "I'll have mother over for breakfast in a few minutes. I suppose a dollar a meal will be about right, eh?"

Mr. Doty carefully suppressed his enthusiasm and said that it was, and then Mr. Hugg hurried away to comb his hair and put on his collar. This was the start. Before night, the odor of fragrant coffee and some approximate roast turkey that Mr. Doty had brought down in the forest, had conquered the colony, making the smell of corned beef and all other canned goods unbearable—and the Dotys were boarding every hungry soul in the place.

"There's no use in talking, a plutocrat or so does come in mighty handy now and then," observed Mr. Doty.

After lunch that day Miss Vanstarvesynt sought the cool shade of the edge of the forest. About an hour later Mr. Cleve came strolling out to where she sat listening to Mr. Doty's crisp axe-blows. Remembering the Vanstarvesynt disapproval, he raised his hat with studied coolness, and was passing without remark.

"Lovely weather," suggested Miss Vanstarvesynt.

"Very," he admitted, pausing tentatively. If there was to be a snub administered, he meant to land the first one himself.

"It was lovely weather yesterday," she informed him with intentional inanity, and smiled invitingly.

"Great," he enthusiastically agreed as he wheeled sharply and came back.

They exchanged a momentary glance of uncertainty.

"Have you been picking out a location for a new bungalow?" she asked, by way of starting a conversation.

"Well, not exactly," he said with bland deliberation. "I am merely taking an afternoon off to look over my property, and the more I see of it the better I like it. This is all mine!" And he gave a comprehensive sweep of his arm over forest, valley and lake!

### V

AT FOREST, valley and lake Miss Vanstarvesynt gazed in stupefaction, following the lordly wave of Mr. Cleve's hand. He claimed all this as his own! But how?

"Your property?" she gasped. "I beg pardon, but really I had no idea——" and she paused, bewildered.

Mr. Vanstarvesynt had a First Cousin Who was Minister to France, a Second Cousin Who was Brother-in-Law to a Member of the President's Cabinet, and a Brother Who was United States Consul at Valparaiso

"I suppose not," he comfortably replied. "It was only last night that I laid claim to it, but I might as well count myself the practical owner of it. You see, I sent a letter by Captain Pike to my friend Dan Caffery in Santiago—they call him Don Dan down there—and told him to purchase this place from the Government, organize a company and keep the big end of the stock for us. I sent him my proxy and my power of attorney, as near as I could figure them out, and I know Dan. He's got a pull down there like a traction engine, and can just about buy this place for a cigarette. Before we leave here I'll be president of the Chilean Pike's Cove Concessions Company."

She gazed at him in breathless fascination.

"How very clever," she said admiringly. "I suppose you could even collect a rental from us for occupying this place."

"Oh, I wouldn't think of that," he generously replied, and then his boyish laugh came to belie his gravity. "To tell you the truth," he went on, "I'm just dying to be a captain of industry, and this is the first opportunity I've seen. You'd never believe how hard it is to get a chance to be dishonest."

The daughter of so many generations of people ever so much better than their neighbors actually laughed at this terrible confession, and swept her skirts aside for him to sit down beside her and tell more.

Mr. Cleve was easily the most important man at the dinner-table that evening. The Huggs and the Vanstarvesynts could not possibly mix, and of course the Dotys were utterly improbable, even if not impossible, so the meal would have been a solidly frozen affair had it not been for the promoter's claim upon Pike's Cove, which Gertrude deftly introduced as a topic of absorbing interest.

"The Chilean Pike's Cove Concessions Company is really only the parent or concession-selling organization," he explained with but very little urging, "and of course my partner and I will retain practically the entire stock. I can let you all in on the branch organizations, however. Now, for instance, there is the Pike's Cove Tuberculosis Sanitarium Company. We might organize that to-morrow. On behalf of the Concessions Company I will agree, now, to give a concession to the Sanitarium Company for five thousand dollars in cash and ten per cent. of the stock."

"But—but could a sanitarium be made to pay here?" objected Mr. Doty. "It's so far away, and——"

"Why, man, you don't think we'd actually try to *build* a sanitarium here, do you?" inquired Mr. Cleve, aghast.

"Why, I thought——" hesitated Mr. Doty, and stopped as he noted the pitying eyes of the other men fixed on him.

"No, this is the way it is done." Mr. Cleve then carefully explained, taking pity on his ignorance. "We have the location, to start with. It's really not essential, but it's better. Then we organize our company. We don't put in any money except, when we go away from here, for a little printing and the salary of a man who can wear a silk hat and look as if it belonged to him. *I* could do that. The gilt seals and red ribbons and printing will cost the most, but they ought to, for that's what the public really buys—and the profit is enormous. Well, we issue our stock, two kinds of it, the kind we sell to the public, and the kind that allows us to do as we please with their money. We sell the first kind. Now, as individuals we have purchased the location or concession. As directors we next purchase it from ourselves as individuals, paying for it all that we have received from the sale of stock, less the expense of selling. This represents our first profit. Our second profit is when we sell our own private stock and get out. The public now has the stock and the location, and they go ahead and build the sanitarium if they feel like it and have the money to spare. That's none of our affair. We've got our share and we're satisfied. Isn't that about right, Mr. Hugg?"

"Well," said Mr. Hugg thoughtfully, "you're a little mixed as to actual detail, but in the end it comes out just about as you say."

Mr. Doty was a man of persistent appetite, but he had now ceased to eat. Food no longer interested him.

"Of course, if we think it best to stay in," continued Mr. Cleve, "we hold our inside stock and kindly allow the public to build our sanitarium, equip it, do our advertising and fill it with patients. Then we give out an item to the newspapers that Pike's Cove breeds tuberculosis germs faster than the protected increase of a family of gnats, and buy up the outstanding stock for seven cents on the dollar. The public has thus given us our sanitarium and we have the stock. I may be a little bit awkward about the details, as Mr. Hugg suggests, but I think I have the general idea."

Mr. Vanstarvesynt gravely nodded.

"In the main you are right, though you will need a little advice and instruction along at first," agreed Mr. Hugg. "You have the makings of a great financier in you. As for the sanitarium, I don't mind going in myself. It sounds good."

"*Sounds* good!" exclaimed Mr. Cleve. "It *is* good! Why, just listen: South America! The people back home just ache and ache to throw money away down here. And tuberculosis! Why, any foolish tuberculosis cure can get column after column of free advertisement every day, from the Kennebec to the Chilkoot, and there you are. It even seems a pity to waste any expense on a prospectus."

Mr. Doty gasped. The mysteries of high finance had been made clear at last.

"And—and may I get in?" he timidly ventured.

"In? We are all in," Mr. Cleve assured him. "There's just the right number here properly to cut the melon."

Mr. Vanstarvesynt made an impressive gesture. He was about to speak.

"Any enterprise which tends to relieve the ravages of the Great White Plague is most laudable and praiseworthy, and you are at liberty to use my name as a director—on the usual terms," he offered, after the public-spirited manner of other dignified gentlemen who need the money in spite of illustrious grandfathers—and the success of the Pike's Cove Tuberculosis Sanitarium Company was assured.

There was none so pleased with the prospect as Mr. Doty. As he was about to retire for the night he confided his joy to his wife.

"To think of me being mixed up with plutocrats in a stock company—in on the ground floor!" he blissfully exclaimed.

"And their families so fashionable!" his wife supplemented with a sigh of content.

"I've always hated plutocrats," he said. "I hate 'em yet, but if they'd only use their money for the benefit of their fellow-man it wouldn't be so bad. These ain't such a mean pair now, if you just take 'em as men."

"I'm sure I'd be more sociable than either Mrs. Hugg or Mrs. Vanstarvysunt if I was to be fashionable," said Mrs. Doty. These two had reduced the problem of amicable conversation to a fine art, and by a very simple process. Both always talked cheerfully upon their own subjects and both were content.

"The best part of it all is how easy it turns out to be," he went on. "It's a wonder to me why everybody ain't rich when it's such a simple trick to make money."

"That silk dress Mrs. Hugg had on must of cost three dollars a yard if it cost a cent," replied his wife.

"And another thing that struck me is this," he said in answer: "I had always thought that there must be something dishonest about these stock deals, and I'm so glad to find out that it's all so legitimate and—and upright!"

### VI

JIMMY DOTY perhaps liked the place better than any of them.

"Gee!" said he, straggling in on the first day with a hat full of eggs. "I found a place up on the rocks where there's about a million big birds. I killed a snake 'n' three toads 'n' got lost comin' home. This is the bulliest place I ever seen. I bet I k'n lick that Belmont with m' eyes shut."

That day he had no chance to try conclusions with the scion of the Vanstarvesynts, but he kept busy, just the same. He climbed into a tree after what he took to be a squirrel. It bit his thumb when cornered, and he fell from the top branch, but he was only stunned for about half an hour. Mrs. Doty wept and worked over him, and her efforts were rewarded. Shortly afterward he proved his soundness by straddling the ridge-pole of the tent, nearly breaking it down, and she paddled him with a board, which was a great relief to her.

Next day the industrious Jimmy found a boiling spring, and Master Belmont happened upon him just as he had scalded his foot through trying to wade in it.

"I dare you to knock that leaf off'n my shoulder," invited Jimmy by way of friendly overture, advancing the shoulder in question.

"Why should I?" asked Master Belmont, and turned away.

He found Jimmy again in front of him.

"I k'n lick you with one hand tied behine m' back," declared Jimmy, but without any personal rancor to speak of.

"I do not care to fight," replied Master Belmont, and again turned away.

"Let's wrestle," suggested Jimmy, once more barring the path, and Master Belmont declined even that offer.

"Then I'm a-goin' t' slap your face, Booby," said Jimmy, and did it.

Somewhere back in the line of Master Belmont's illustrious ancestry there had been strenuous men, and now the heir of the Vanstarvesynts suddenly reverted to that long extinct type. As much to his own surprise as to Jimmy's, he sailed in immediately and they had a most enjoyable fight, which wound up in a sprawly cactus bush and resulted in scratched faces, torn clothes and a firm friendship.

Thus was one Vanstarvesynt restored to the soil. Like a tiger after its first taste of blood, he was untamable. Boldly throwing off the shackles, he demanded overalls like Jimmy Doty's, and announced his unalterable determination to play in the mud. His grieved and sorrowing parents reasoned with him, but not the ghost of a single departed ancestor claimed his present veneration, and they were forced to leave him to temporary barbarism. They bought a pair of small blue overalls from the Dotys and turned him loose with heavy hearts.

The purchase of the overalls gave Mr. Doty an idea. On the fifth day he rigged up a counter in front of his tent, where he displayed the remains of his stock of merchandise with prices attached that were nothing less than daring. Not an article was ticketed at less than a dollar, with the single exception of the combination stove-lid-hfters, which were left at fifty cents each on account of their quantity and probable slow sale. There were rubber balls, chewing-gum, dumb watches, overalls, farmers' straw hats, calico, muslin, denims, ribbons, yeast cakes, baking-powder, whisk-brooms, paper napkins, egg-beaters, tin pans, one bicycle lamp, three doorbells, and a fine line of brass finger-rings and steel watch chains, to say nothing of other dust-grimed odds and ends. From the bottom of a packing-case Mr. Doty took a gaudy muslin sign and nailed it up on two saplings over the counter, then stepped back to read, in calm satisfaction: "Grand Closing-Out Sale."

He put Grace in charge, and the Junior Hugg bought a deck of cards for two dollars the very first thing. In fact, if it had not been for him the stock would have moved very slowly. He took to spending the most of his time at the store, and every time Mr. Doty came in sight Mr. Hugg bought something. It would not have looked quite right to monopolize the time of a clerk without proving his right to do so. For a while he bought nothing but combination stove-lid-lifters, but after he had purchased seven of them Mr. Doty reasoned the matter out and put the price of the lifters up to a dollar. He was anxious enough to get rid of them, but he was not going to lose a half-dollar of receipts on every sale. He also took to coming around often.

### VII

THE deck of cards that her son had bought gave Mrs. Hugg an inspiration. Emboldened by the continued isolation she invited the Vanstarvesynts, per Jimmy Doty, over for dinner and an evening at whist. Mrs. Vanstarvesynt was unable to understand the presumption.

"The audacity of it is positively annoying," she told her husband. "I shall be indisposed and unable to attend."

"Exactly," agreed her husband, and she was about to answer with a formal note to that effect when Jimmy interposed.

"You'll have a bully good time," he informed them with a pleasant friendliness that glares could not check. "Maw an' Grace's gittin' up th' dinner fer 'em, an' it's goin' t' be somethin' extry—preserves an' jelly, an' floatin' islan', an' cake, an' hot cornmeal gems, an' stewed rabbit, an' mashed putaters, an' canned corn, an' I don't know what all. Grace's goin' t' sing fer 'em. Gee! he spends th' money!"

Mrs. Vanstarvesynt looked at her husband. He was thoughtfully moistening his lips. She paused with her pen hovering over the paper.

"After all," she presently observed, "there is no need for us to be quite so unyielding. It's really uncharitable of us when we are all equally in need of diversion."

"Exactly," he agreed, again moistening his lips.

This was the wedge. The social revolution, that was to be so far-reaching in Pike's Cove, was already under way!

Mr. G. Russell Cleve, happening to come over to see Mr. Hugg that afternoon about the formation of the Cordillera Nitre Company, also received an invitation, but it was too late for the Vanstarvesynts to withdraw when they heard of this affront. After all, though, they were glad that they had come by the time the dinner was well under way. Mrs. Doty was an excellent cook, and Mrs. Vanstarvesynt quite relaxed, allowing the overjoyed Mrs. Hugg to feel that she was entertaining the real cream of society, and that the cream was remaining sweet under the process! Even Mr. Cleve was made to forget that he was of the utterly outer barbarians, though the Vanstarvesynts shrank as they realized the brutality of the after-cuts they must give him to make him understand.

In due time, after the remains of the feast had been cleared away, the hired talent came in to perform. She was dressed in her simple white graduating gown, and it was with perfect self-possession that she stepped under the bower of green vines that had been prepared in the far end of the tent. Mr. Steven Hugg immediately set fire to the self-possession by a simple, reassuring smile.

Grace permitted her eyes to swim for about one second, and then she stiffened her good jaw and sang her three pieces. She had a pretty voice, and the company applauded in the right places, Mrs. Vanstarvesynt punctiliously stopping her conversation to attend to the detail according to her set and perfectly proper formula—six light pats of her gloves for a professional, eight for a semi-professional and ten for a society amateur. Grace received six, and then she got away from fashionable society, with pink cheeks and moist lashes, at a good, brisk walk that was almost a run. She had not gone half the distance to the Doty tent when Steven caught up with her.

"You don't really think of leaving us?" he protested. "We had been counting upon you to make up a second table of whist."

"I'm very sorry, but I don't know how to play whist," she replied, and made another start for home.

"We'll teach you in ten minutes," he offered, detaining her. "Honestly, whist is no game at all, or it wouldn't be considered good form."

"Truly, I can't stay," she faltered. "I have a headache." And she started again, determined not to be cajoled.

Gertrude Vanstarvesynt glided out and joined Steven.

"You'll have to coax her," he laughed, half-vexed.

The Purchase of the Overalls Gave Mr. Doty an Idea

"I know how to bring her," said Gertrude with a sigh. "I hate to do it, but I suppose I must!" And then she ran after Grace. "Do you know what will happen?" she whispered. "Not being able to play cards, we three younger ones will go out and throw stones in the lake for amusement. Mrs. Hugg and my mother will then believe that, of course, all four of us are together, and that you left in order to have Steven ——"

"I'll come," said Grace hastily, and setting her good jaw again, she went back. She set herself to learning whist, and she learned rapidly. She also defended herself with admirable skill from the two matrons of the party. She had never been so pretty or so vivacious in her life, and she was so unusually kind and cajoling to Steven Hugg that he was delighted. The other men did not notice it, but the women did, and they all knew why. Open warfare might have ensued had not the party been treated to what Mr. Cleve admiringly termed a "hurricane finish."

Whist had become somewhat of a drag when there was a tremendous scuffle outside, and then the son and heir of the Vanstarvesynts burst in among the company with a rabbit leg in his hand and his face smeared with preserves. His white duck suit, donned for the party, was in a shocking condition, and the smear of a grimy hand was upon his flowing white tie. The voice of Jimmy came stridently through the night:

"Come on outside, you 'fraidy calf! I dare an' double-dare you, an' who'll take a dare'll steal sheep!"

Master Belmont, having recovered his breath, promptly and courageously dashed outside, and when the others arrived at the scene of combat the two were rolling on the ground, a mere tangled bundle of waving arms and legs. Steven Hugg and G. Russell Cleve regretfully separated them, and Grace and Gertrude took their respective brothers home in repentant disgrace.

"He's a plumb bully kid," explained Jimmy, stanching his bleeding nose. "*He* won't take no dare, an' he's got a scar on his leg where the nurse let 'im fall in the fire."

The party broke up with almost indecent haste, and the Vanstarvesynts went home more deeply humiliated than they had ever been in their lives. They had sat on an equality with a man who, in place of having illustrious grandfathers to do it for him, had been ill-bred enough to make his own millions, and in hides and leather, too; with a stout woman who wore seven diamond rings at once; with an unknown commercial adventurer; with a hired performer—and their son had fought with the son of the very caterer! Shades of the Grandfathers!

To add to their distress, Gertrude did not come in for nearly an hour later.

"Gertrude, *where* have you been?" demanded her mother.

"Out with the 'Happy Quartette,'" she calmly admitted. "Do you know, Mr. Cleve is very clever? He is going to organize the Andes and San Francisco Silver Company in the morning. He has found some stuff that he thinks is silver, but he says it really doesn't make much difference whether it is or not, it not being at all the custom to sell stock in silver mines that produce silver. The public doesn't expect it. I find him a perfectly fascinating talker. You ought to cultivate him a bit, mother. I'm sure you'd enjoy him yourself."

"Mercy!" gasped Mrs. Vanstarvesynt.

The entire social universe had gone to destruction.

### VIII

ON THE morning after the party Mr. Doty went over to see Mr. Vanstarvesynt.

"I'm going to start building a cabin this morning," he announced. "I've got the logs all ready. As Mr. Hugg is at present better off than any of us in the way of shelter, I thought I'd give you the first chance at it. Do you want it?"

"Captain Pike——" began Mr. Vanstarvesynt hopefully, but Mr. Doty interrupted him.

"I'm not looking for Captain Pike," he said. "The cabin will cost you two hundred dollars. If the captain gets here inside of a month after it's built I'll pay you back all but twenty-five dollars a week rent. Do you want it?"

Mr. Vanstarvesynt looked out over the lake with a sigh.

"Chalmers, a moment if you please," interposed Mrs. Vanstarvesynt from within, and Chalmers immediately joined her. "Of course we must have that bungalow," she said. "If we don't, the Huggs will be ostentatious enough to take it, and we really could not endure to have that added to the humiliation of last night."

"Exactly," agreed her husband, and rejoined Mr. Doty. His wife followed him.

"Do you plan to build another bungalow for the Huggs?" she asked.

"If they want one I reckon I will," he replied.

"Then you must not build it a particle larger, or better, or more prominently located than ours, or we shall not want this one. And ours must be built first," she firmly declared.

Mr. Doty pondered this matter with a frown. He had, in fact, anticipated an order for a larger and better house from Mr. Hugg as soon as this one should be completed. That was why he had offered this first one to the Vanstarvesynts. There was always the contingency of the Capricorn steaming into the cove on almost any day, however, and it was best not to allow his greed to run away with him, so he promised and went over to the store, where he gently disengaged the hand of Mr. Swain from Ida's. Taking the silent lover and Jimmy up into the woods with him to haul logs and saw and split and chop and fit, he set to work at once on the bungalow.

As soon as Mr. Cleve heard of the deal he went into the woods to find Mr. Doty.

"You haven't seen me about a concession for the Vanstarvesynt bungalow," he charged.

Mr. Doty straightened up sharply.

"You owe me for your meals the last two days," he countered.

Mr. Cleve resisted a tendency to blush.

"That's all right," he said hastily. "I'll pay you in Valparaiso."

"Uh-uh," said Mr. Doty. "I'll tell you what I'll do with you. In exchange for concessions to build all I want to, I'll let you have your meals——"

"Ridiculous price!" said Mr. Cleve promptly. "Couldn't think of it."

"On credit," concluded Mr. Doty calmly, spitting on his hands and taking a good grasp of his axe. "Take it or leave it. If you don't like it, board yourself."

(Continued on Page 37)

# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

PHILADELPHIA, JUNE 23, 1906


## Not Malice; Just Business

RECENT testimony concerning the methods of the Standard Oil Company has brought upon that unhappy corporation much ill-considered reproach. The company is big and exceedingly prosperous, paying its stockholders some forty million dollars a year in dividends. These stockholders are the richest group of men the world has ever known. Thoughtless, uneconomic critics say that for so large and opulent a concern to bribe the indigent clerk of a small rival, as it is alleged to have done, and spy upon the five-barrel shipments of competitors' oil and so on, is a kind of baseness which would proceed only from mean and malicious minds.

Such criticism reminds us of the case of the young man who got a job peddling oil from a Standard wagon, and spoke very disparagingly of Mr. Rockefeller because his claim of forty cents against the company, being the sum which he had expended to procure a meal while on its business, was cut down to twenty-five cents—the company's regular maximum allowance for oil peddlers' meals in that territory.

There is really no more meanness about the petty espionage than there is about the enormous freight rebates that we read of. It is all a matter of the impartial, unwavering, impersonal application of strictly business principles. The company would not be the magnificent business success that it is if it had not captured the five-barrel shipments and saved the fifteen cents—as well as secured the rebates. It is absurd to say that the immensely wealthy owners of the oil trust wished to injure the five-barrel man personally. They simply wanted his trade, and if they had permitted themselves to be deterred from taking it by the merely personal consideration that they were far richer than he, they would thereby have introduced into their polity an unbusinesslike and disintegrating principle, which might finally have tainted and vitiated the whole. As an example of the firm, thoroughgoing, unvarying application of a successful policy, the Standard has few peers. For which we are duly thankful.

## A Constitutional Defect

THE president of the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western, addressing his stockholders on the subject of the railroad rate bill, expressed a hope that it would be tempered to the great and just end that the railroads of the country might not be deprived of their property "without due process of law."

In the narrow sense of the lexicographers, "property" means any possession peculiar to a man; but in ordinary, every-day use the word is applied only to possessions of considerable magnitude. It would sound absurd, for example, for a man to speak of a two-dollar bill as his "property"; and we have no doubt that President Truesdale had this colloquial, common-sense meaning of the word in mind when he invoked the guaranty of the Constitution respecting due process of law. In fact, pretty strong circumstantial evidence may be cited in favor of this view. The Delaware, Lackawanna and Western, as everybody knows, is one of the great hard-coal roads. Last year it derived over forty-one million dollars from sales of coal, and nearly fourteen million dollars more from the transportation of that commodity. The iron-clad combine among the anthracite roads, whereby the price of coal is absolutely fixed and most profitably manipulated, is not only without due process of law, but is distinctly antagonistic to the spirit, at least, of the law. The arbitrary control of coal prices manifestly deprives many persons of two-dollar bills; but possibly not of possessions of such magnitude as could, in the common meaning of the term, fairly be called "property."

On the other hand, the possessions of the coal road are of a size which unquestionably entitles them to be designated "property," and thus brings them clearly within the guaranty of the Constitution. None of the great constitutional lawyers of the Senate made this distinction as clear as its importance demands; but, of course, they had it in mind. If the framers of the Constitution could have foreseen the needs of the great latter-day expositors of the document they would probably have stricken out the somewhat equivocal word "property" and substituted "large wealth" or "great riches"—of which no one should be bereft without due process of law.

## The Passing of Prophecy

"ELIJAH" DOWIE has appealed to the courts to reinstate him in Zion. That is probably the end of the prophet; for when a prophet takes to the courts to get his own and relies upon injunctions rather than divine interposition, he has torn a big hole in his robe through which even the most ignorant of his followers will begin to see daylight. For more than a dozen years Dowie has furnished the press with an unlimited supply of petty sensations and material for caricature. His career since he arrived in Chicago at the time of the great fair is an interesting study in the psychology of the mob. Apart from his claims to divine healing, which have latterly fallen into the background, the astonishing fact about the fading prophet has been his power to make his followers "give up." He has collected from the "church" a sum of money estimated all the way from eight to twenty-two millions of dollars. These contributions, not so much to Zion as to Dowie personally, were demanded and exacted from the poorest. Dowie held up his people very much as the Tammany leader of the old sort held up the faithful. There could be no mutiny in the organization: the slightest unwillingness to give met with a torrent of abuse and denunciation. This colossal gift of bullying was the source of his power. Even to-day, with all our so-called enlightenment and advance, what most men and women want is authority—some one to tell them with a loud voice what to do to be saved and to tell them with no uncertain tone in the voice. Dowie told them in language that the humblest could understand. After hearing one of his tirades no one could have any doubt about what to do. First of all he was to give up his money; then he was to go out and get more money and come back with it. Meantime Dowie would look after the rest. His strong voice and vituperative vocabulary kept his people loyal and obedient until age and diminishing strength of mind and will and voice released them from the word of command. Dowie did not rely upon prophetic visions or promises of future glory so much as upon his power to command. There are always many, men as well as women, ready to obey, and to pay any man who will lead them.

## Perfected Finance

AFTER the San Francisco fire a number of insurance companies found that their liabilities exceeded their assets and the stockholders agreed to pay in an assessment sufficient to meet the losses. But one company, in this condition, went into the hands of a receiver, one reason given being that a considerable part of its stock was held by estates the trustees of which had no authority to appropriate funds for any such purpose as paying the company's debts. Not long ago a rich man, still in middle life and vigorous health, put his possessions in a trust. That example, we believe, is fairly uncommon; yet it may point the way to the final perfection of the vocation of high financiering.

Modern business, in its higher, most characteristic and most profitable manifestations, is a wearing occupation. It makes great drafts upon a man's nervous energy. Some spiritual advisers say it imperils his soul; but that is a point which a secular journal must leave aside. Its only rational object is gain. That the old, naïve, Adam-Smith objects of industry—namely, physical sustenance and provision for one's family—have nothing to do with high finance is obvious from the fact that few men really embark in it until after they have amply satisfied those objects. It is purely an occupation to make money. Hence any practitioner of it who fails to extract the greatest possible profit from a given situation is, in so far, an amateur and a bungler. Whether or not Mr. Lawson's report of the statement is correct, Mr. Rogers would be amply justified in saying that he felt badly if he ever in any deal failed to get the last possible dollar. Otherwise, why deal at all? This is not only the logical, but the only reasonable view of high finance. Most of its practitioners, be it said to their credit, live up to it pretty consistently in their larger operations; but in their lesser they are continually falling victims to irrational little human frailties of pity, personal pride and the like. In so far as they yield to these weaknesses they beat themselves at their own game. Straining themselves after profits, they yet foolishly give up profits. A proper trusteeship, so restricted by the deed of trust that the estate may receive as much as possible but never give anything away, would obviate all such failings.

## Eternal Palaver

IT WILL be remembered that this session of Congress thundered prodigiously in the index about Presidential usurpations. The Senate discovered that the whole work and responsibility of digging the Panama Canal had been turned over to the President, and it devoted about a month to exhibiting its horrified state of mind over that discovery. The Canal Committee held solemn hearings largely for the patriotic purpose of casting aspersions upon the Executive's conduct of the undertaking. The canal was by far the most important enterprise of its sort that the Government had ever gone into, and nearly all Senators—but especially the Democrats—were profoundly agitated by a belief that if the President should carry it through alone, with no other cooperation by Congress than the mere voting of funds, it would amount to a fateful failure of our system of government, and pave a broad, smooth way to a condition in which the Executive would be the Government, and Congress a mere body of clerks to register the Presidential will.

This fearsome thought was frequently expressed; but we were assured that the calamity should not befall. The Senate was aroused to the peril. It would stand like a high, strong stone wall topped with broken bottles against the advance of Presidential usurpation. Having come to this heroic resolution the Senate "fired" a press agent—mainly because the President liked him—and proceeded to talk about something else. Its committee reported in favor of a sea-level canal, but the Senate has not acted upon the report. The session is approaching a close, and intelligent observers say that any action by Congress determining the type of the canal is now quite out of the question.

Meanwhile, on the isthmus of Panama, men and machinery are assembled to dig the canal. They know that gab will not dig it. Speeches about constitutional balance cut no drifts. It cannot be dug at all until the type is determined. The President favors the lock type. In the absence of action by Congress he must, under the authority of the Spooner law, take the responsibility of fixing that type and go ahead with the work. This he will do. And next year, presumably, the Senate will sputter for a month and "fire" another press agent. If eternal palaver were the price of liberty Congress would have nothing to fear from Presidential encroachment.

## Has the Bottom Dropped Out?

HAS the impossible happened? Has the Senate been stampeded? The question is being discussed with bated breath in quarters where it is clearly perceived that an affirmative answer implies consequences that are fairly fearful. Yet strong circumstantial evidence raises the presumption that the answer must be in the affirmative. By an almost unanimous vote the Upper House adopted an amendment to the railroad rate bill which puts sleeping-cars and express companies within the scope of the act, and so lays them liable to regulation by the Inter-State Commerce Commission. As the astonished and aggrieved representatives of those interests point out, this was "hasty"—and when was the Senate ever hasty before in a like case? There have been no year-long hearings by Senatorial committees as to express and sleeping-car charges. The representatives cogently argue that Congress cannot possess any official knowledge upon which to base an opinion as to whether they need regulating. And here they are upon solid ground—for they have always heroically refused to give the Government any such information. How can the Senate possibly know that everybody is not delighted with express and Pullman-car service and charges when it has never solemnly investigated the subject?

The companies are ready and willing to prove that, so far from needing regulation, they are as near perfection as limited man can reasonably hope to get. Yet the Senate gave them no chance. Both enterprises stand in the same class in that they are luxuries. Nobody needs to ride in a sleeping-car. General Counsel Runnells will show that many thousands of passengers annually find cheap and commodious transportation on the trucks of freight cars. Any one of the fifteen million persons whom vanity and self-indulgence lead to using Pullmans could do the same. People ride in sleeping-cars for pleasure. The pursuit of pleasure is demoralizing. An upper berth at two dollars a night beneficially retards the demoralization. So with the express concerns. Nobody is required to patronize them. He can, as Mr. Platt's lieutenants demonstrate, send his parcel by freight—and be almost sure that it will arrive in a fairly recognizable condition in the course of two or three weeks. In disposing of such weighty arguments as these without a year of hearings and three months of earnest debate, the Senate certainly appears to have been stampeded.

# MEN & WOMEN

## The Ex-Wasp of the Senate

IN THE controversy that spattered through the newspapers for a week and put the word "liar" in the Congressional Record more times than it has been there before in years, William E. Chandler justified the knowledge of his friends. He jumped gayly into the fray. That is the best thing Chandler does—jumping gayly into frays. He hates peace. Ever since he left the Senate in 1897, forced therefrom by the exigencies of politics and a cold and unfeeling railroad—he says he has been beating against the bars of a stupid court and trying to find excitement.

He missed the opportunities he had on the floor of the Senate, but he kept valorously at it with newspaper interviews and with letters to folks who like controversy. He was thoroughly happy when the railroad-rate question came up, for he had ideas. When he was given an unofficial part in the negotiations for a settlement, he was in his element. He is constitutionally unable to keep quiet.

Chandler is a small, lean, active man, with a wisp of gray whiskers, a pair of baby blue eyes that stare at the world as if surpriaed at all that is going on, a sharp tongue, a ready wit and a brilliant mind. He is cheerfully contentious. He stirs up things. His joy in life is in getting other people by the ears and then sitting back and watching the fun.

"Chandler," said an exasperated Senator one day, "reminds me of a man I used to know who had a habit of going to political meetings. He would watch for his opportunity and start a fight. Then, when everybody had everybody else by the throat, he would go up on the hotel porch and calmly observe the riot."

That is the way Chandler used to do things in the Senate. He would come in in the middle of a dull discussion and sit and listen for a few moments. Then he would put a cockle bur under some Senatorial saddle and stick a pin into another Senator, would prod one and ask a few malicious questions of another, and, after the riot was well under way, would bob out into the lobby and laugh.

It was a sorry day for the newspaper correspondents when Chandler left the Senate. He made news. If there was nothing doing, Chandler did something. His particular game was to heckle Tillman. He became so skillful at it that he could get Tillman to sawing the air and thumping his desk in two minutes. One day, when Tillman was particularly explosive, Chandler asked him a question that made the South Carolinian hop up and down. While he was answering it Chandler moved to another seat and, at an opportune time, fired in another question. Tillman blew up again. Then Chandler moved again and made a circuit of the chamber, asking a question that lacerated Tillman at each stopping-place.

"Oh, Mr. President," shouted Tillman finally, "the Senator from New Hampshire is like a grasshopper! He jumps around from place to place——"

"Indeed I do," interrupted Chandler, "and the Senator from South Carolina ought to know that he cannot catch this grasshopper with his pitchfork."

Tillman laughed, and he and Chandler became friends. That friendship ripened into an intimacy that has continued until the present time. The big South Carolina Senator and the diminutive Chandler are often seen together on the streets of Washington, arm in arm, talking earnestly.

Somebody else called Chandler the "Wasp of the Senate." That is a fairly good designation, so far as the stinger goes, but Chandler was waspish in no other way. He liked to sting, but he was good-natured about it. He is good-natured about everything. He treats all sorts of topics with elaborate seriousness, but back of it there is a vein of pleasant mockery that is delightful. He is one of the most charming companions imaginable, and even when he is delicately skinning a victim, he does it with a grace that makes the operation agreeable to the sufferer as well as to the spectators.

Nobody has exactly discovered the Chandler view of life. He has been in politics for nearly fifty years. He began in New Hampshire and has held all sorts of offices. He was secretary of the Republican National Committee in 1876, and it was his quick wit that held Florida and Louisiana for Hayes until the machinery to get those States could be started. He has served in the Treasury Department and in the Navy Department, and he knows all the intricacies of our complicated system of government. He has been in many bitter fights in the Senate, and at all times has acted with an apparent seriousness that has given weight to all he has said and done.

Back of it all, though, there is that active mind, filled with quaint conceits, anxious for exercise, and constantly pitting itself against all sorts of antagonists for the sheer pleasure of the game. He needs attrition. It is happiness to him to jab a sluggish intellect into some sort of action.

William E. Chandler, Ex-Wasp of the Senate

He does not understand the bovine tendency and he is intolerant of it. If any person deals with Chandler, he must have his wits about him, for Chandler will not put up with stupidity.

Chandler's range extends from anthropology to zwieback. He is interested in everything and interesting about everything. His first concern is politics, of course, for he has been a politician all his life, but he will discuss any phase of activity and have some ideas worth while.

He isn't a pessimist. He isn't an optimist. He isn't a cynic. He is extraordinarily patriotic, vigorously American, and with the courage of every conviction. Still, when one watches Chandler closely, there is always apparent, back of it all, that sly little game he is playing with the world. There is always the impression that he is laughing in his sleeve, always just the suspicion of mockery.

Now, at seventy-one, he is bright, alert, and as dissatisfied with peace as he ever was. A controversy is breath to his nostrils. He buzzes around, having fun with people. He has played a large part in many large affairs, always with the good of his country at heart, and he has never been dull a moment in his life.

## A Smart Father

FORMER Senator Mason, of Illinois, was talking to President Roosevelt. The conversation veered around to the Illinois delegation in the House.

"There's Lorimer," said Mason. "He's a smart man. In fact, I consider him a very smart man. He has seventy-two sons."

"Impossible!" shouted the President. "No man could have seventy-two sons."

"Just the same, Lorimer has seventy-two sons," Mason persisted. "He told me so himself."

"He told me he had only ten," the President replied.

"Ah, yes," said Mason, "but that was before you put out your views on race-suicide."

## Fatal Loquacity

REPRESENTATIVE LITTLEFIELD, of Maine, was introduced to a man from Pittsburg.

"I made some speeches out in your town once," said Littlefield.

"Yes," said the Pittsburg man, "I ran for office that year and was beaten by 7000."

"Heavens!" exclaimed Littlefield. "I am not usually so fatal as that. I spoke for Dave Mercer out in Omaha in 1900 and they didn't beat him until 1902."

## Ochiltree's Long Arm

E. H. GILMORE, the theatrical manager of New York, and Tom Ochiltree were great friends. One morning, with a few other companions, they went down to the Battery in New York to take a yacht to go out and see an international yacht race.

A ferryman took them off to the yacht. Just as they were alongside something happened and the small boat capsized. Everybody went headlong into the water. Gilmore, who wore a heavy overcoat, came up last. He caught some netting on the side of the yacht and clung there until they dragged him aboard.

Gilmore was full of salt water and had no very clear idea of what had happened when he woke up in bed in one of the staterooms. Ochiltree was sitting beside him.

"Ned," said Ochiltree, "I think I should have a pass for life to all your theatres after what I did for you to-day."

"What did you do?" asked Gilmore suspiciously.

"Why, after we were thrown in the water I noticed you had on your heavy overcoat, and, as I was in good swimming trim, I stood on the bottom and pushed you up by the legs, so that they easily got you into the yacht. Thus I saved your life. Isn't that worth a perpetual pass?"

Gilmore looked at Ochiltree and called the captain. "Captain," he asked, "how deep is the water where we went overboard?"

"Seventy-six feet," replied the captain.

## Rather!

SECRETARY TAFT, who was Governor of the Philippines before he went into the War Department, was talking, at a dinner-party, of the islands, their government and people.

He spoke for half an hour and everybody listened with the greatest attention. As he finished, a lady leaned across the table and said: "Oh, Mr. Secretary, have you ever been to the Philippines?"

## Tillman Without the Pitchfork

SENATOR TILLMAN, of South Carolina, assails the negroes more viciously than any man in public life. He passed a bill disfranchising them when he was a Governor. He held up the nomination of Crum for collector of Charleston for four years because Crum is a negro. Yet the superintendent of his plantation is "Ben," a negro he has had with him for twenty-five years and in whose charge he leaves his family and all his interests when he goes to Washington alone. His home life is so simple and so attractive that the visitor is loth to leave. He has a large family of children and a bonny, bustling wife whom he calls "Mother," and he tells the little ones fairy stories before they go to bed He is mild, gentle, companionable and hospitable to the point of embarrassment. He looks out for his own black people and for many other negro families in the neighborhood.

That is the other side of Tillman—the side beneath the shell. He is sincere enough, but he thinks his sincerity can best be expressed with rough language and gymnastics. He likes to create the impression that he is a bad, bad man. "I shall try not to be vitriolic," he said a short time ago before beginning a speech. He is rather proud of his reputation.

Tillman is earnest, honest, capable. A fair description of him is that he thinks it well to get his effects with a loud noise. He is brutal and offensive—for a purpose. He talks as no one else talks in the Senate. But, in casting about for an underlying motive, let it be remembered that he got into politics by leading a movement against the aristocratic Democracy of his State for the "wool hat boys." If you wear a wool hat you must comport yourself accordingly.

## The Hall of Fame

¶ Representative Charles Curtis, of Kansas, is the only man in Congress who has Indian blood in his veins. One of his remote ancestors was a noble red man.

¶ Attorney-General Moody is a baseball crank. He does not often get time to go to the league games in Washington, but when he is out on horseback and comes across a game on a vacant lot he always stops and looks on for half an hour and cheers the amateurs heartily when they play well.

¶ Sir Mortimer Durand, the Ambassador from Great Britain, is more be-titled than any other member of the diplomatic corps. His full name, with prefixes and appendages, is: The Right Honorable Sir Henry Mortimer Durand, G. C. M. G., K. C. S. I., K. C. I. E., Ambassador Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary.

¶ Frank H. Hitchcock, First Assistant Postmaster-General, is a tall, broad-shouldered chap who was the champion heavyweight boxer of Harvard all the time he was there. Many people have wished he would put on the gloves with President Roosevelt, but the President hasn't found it convenient to challenge him, as yet.

# More About Private Car Lines

## A Reply to Mr. Armour

## By JOHN C. SCALES

John C. Scales

IN REPLYING to Mr. Armour's article, it will be necessary to meet his statements categorically, and I therefore must be pardoned if I seem to enter too much into detail. This private car-line question is of such transcendent importance to the perishable food of the country that I trust the reader will with patience follow to the end my refutation of every one of Mr. Armour's statements made in his attempted defense of the private car lines and exclusive contract.

First: I deny emphatically the statement that "the actual growers and shippers of fruits never have voiced a serious complaint against the private car lines and do not now favor the anti-car-line agitation"; and I present the very best denial in the world—the written protests of these growers and shippers. The first protest is a telegram from the Northwest Fruit Growers' Association, reading thus: "Northwest Fruit Growers' Association, now in convention, indorses action of National League in the matter of control of car icing. How can we assist? (Signed) C. J. Sinsel, Secretary." The next is also a telegram. It reads: "Icing clause of National League's proposed rate bill for control of icing charges heartily approved, and we sincerely hope same may pass Congress and meet the approval of the President. (Signed) D. O. Wiley, President International Apple Shippers' Association." I have many other telegrams of like tenor, but these must suffice. The next is a resolution by the Tampa (Florida) Produce Association: "Be it resolved by the Tampa Produce Association that we heartily indorse the action of the National League of Commission Merchants in its efforts to have an icing clause (to control icing charges) inserted in the rate legislation which is to be enacted by the Congress of the United States now in session. Respectfully submitted, Tampa Produce Association. (Signed) C. E. Owen, President; W. A. Dickinson, Secretary."

The next document is from the State Horticultural Association of the State of Pennsylvania: "Resolved, that this Association most highly commends the work of the National League respecting the icing-car features of the rate bill prepared by said League and approve and urge their incorporation in whatever rate bill may pass Congress and be approved by the President. (Signed) Earl Peters, Chairman; Enos B. Engle, Secretary. Committee: Earl Peters, Mount Holly Springs, Pennsylvania; W. S. Adams, Aspers, Pennsylvania; A. H. Weidner, Arendtsville, Pennsylvania; D. M. Werts, Quincy, Pennsylvania; T. C. Foster, Harrisburg, Pennsylvania; E. B. Engle, Harrisburg, Pennsylvania."

The next is from the Ozark Fruit Growers' Association, an association which represents the growers of forty millions (40,000,000) of orchard trees and twenty thousand (20,000) acres of berries:

"Whereas, It is an indisputable fact that the fruit growers of Missouri and Arkansas, that part of the country known as the Ozark region, being the largest orchard section east of the Rocky Mountains, have been and are paying excessive transportation and *especially refrigeration* charges" (the italics are mine) "to an amount by at least one-third more than would be a liberal rate for both freight and refrigeration, and whereas a large proportion of the fruit growers of the Ozark section will be compelled to quit the business of growing strawberries and other fruits for shipment unless transportation charges be considerably reduced, many farmers having already abandoned berry-growing because the excessive cost of refrigeration and freight have caused an actual loss in the industry; therefore, Resolved by the Ozark Fruit Growers' Association in convention assembled, that we heartily commend and greatly appreciate the honest efforts of the President of the United States and those members of the House and Senate who, in and out of Congress, are assisting the fruit growers in their efforts to secure just rates for refrigeration and transportation. (Signed) G. A. Atwood, Secretary. Committee: G. T. Lincoln, Bentonville, Arkansas; E. L. Beal, Republic, Missouri; G. A. Atwood, Springfield, Missouri; Louis Erb, Cedar Gap, Missouri; P. A. Rogers, Gravette, Arkansas; F. H. Smeltzer, Van Buren, Arkansas; J. H. Johnson, Monett, Missouri; Geo. Appleby, Fayetteville, Arkansas; R. M. Hitt, Koshkonong, Missouri; E. L. Nettleship, Fayetteville, Arkansas; T. C. Love, Seymour, Missouri; J. McFarlan, Rogers, Arkansas; Jos. Knorl, West Plains, Missouri; Geo. W. Logan, Missouri."

The next document (and space forbids more) is from the California Fruit Growers' Exchange, and I call special attention to the language of this protest:

*Dear Sir:*

The Board of Directors of this Exchange passed the attached resolutions to-day and the same have been telegraphed to the President and to the Honorable J. P. Dolliver, United States Senate. We think it would be advisable for your organization to take such action with reference to this matter as seems to be fit, and do it now.

Yours truly,
B. A. Woodford, Secretary.

I give only the preamble and closing sentences of the resolutions.

### Three Thousand Strong

"The following resolutions as to control by the Federal Government of railroad rates and private car lines were passed at a meeting held March 2, 1906, by the Board of Directors of the California Fruit Growers' Exchange, representing over *three thousand* fruit growers shipping more than *fourteen thousand* cars of fruit yearly and paying nearly $6,000,000 in freight and refrigeration charges annually." (The italics again are mine.) . . . "It is our firm conviction that, if a law substantially embodying these essential provisions for control cannot, by reason of adverse railway influences, be passed without unreasonable delay, the country will be driven to utterly abolish private ownership in railways, and Government ownership will be the inevitable result. (Signed) California Fruit Growers' Exchange: F. Q. Story, President; B. A. Woodford, Secretary; Auxiliary Fruit Growers' Associations represented in the foregoing:

"Arlington Heights Fruit Growers' Exchange, Riverside; Covina Fruit Growers' Exchange, Covina; Crocker-Sperry Fruit Growers' Exchange, Santa Barbara; Duarte-Monrovia Fruit Growers' Exchange, Duarte; A. C. G. Fruit Growers' Exchange, Azusa; Johnston Fruit Growers' Exchange, Santa Barbara; Ontario-Cucamonga Fruit Growers' Exchange, Upland; Queen Colony Fruit Growers' Exchange, Corona; Redlands-Highlands Fruit Growers' Exchange, Redlands; Riverside Fruit Growers' Exchange, Riverside; San Antonio Fruit Growers' Exchange, Pomona; San Barnardino Fruit Growers' Exchange, San Bernardino; Semi-Tropic Fruit Growers' Exchange, Los Angeles; Sunset Fruit Growers' Exchange, Orange; Tulare County Fruit Growers' Exchange, Portersville; Ventura County Fruit Growers' Exchange, Fillmore. Attest, B. A. Woodford, Secretary."

I have here presented but half a dozen protests, and that only to show how entirely wide of the fact is the statement "that the growers and shippers of fruit never have voiced a serious complaint against the private car lines and do not now favor the anti-private car-line agitation." I have now in my possession by actual count one hundred and eighty-four protests of similar character; and without doubt Senators, Congressmen and the President have received hundreds, if not thousands, of like protests. These protests were sent me in the hope that the Refrigerator Car Lines Committee of the National League of Commission Merchants could in some proper and effective way make use of them; which has been done in many ways other than by simply making half a dozen of them public through the medium of this reply.

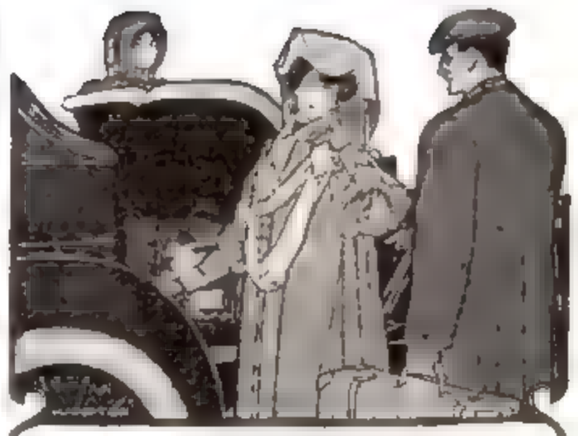
### That "Drop in the Bucket"

Mr. Armour makes many statements so evasive and immaterial that they require no reply, but he asks one question which is pertinent and to the point. He says: "One spokesman in a recent deliverance contemplates the horrible conditions imposed upon refrigerator car service by the Armour monopoly. Further along he avers that Armour cars are to the refrigerator cars of the whole country but as a drop in the bucket. Then I ask, how can it be a monopoly that is strangling the fruit industry?" I again aver that the Armour cars are to the refrigerator cars of the whole country but as a drop in the bucket, but, though this be the fact, it is no difficult task to tell why the Armour car lines, through the operation of the Armour exclusive contract, creates "a monopoly which is strangling the fruit industry." In the first place, though the Armour refrigerator cars are small in number, as compared to the whole number in the United States, yet the Armour car lines own 12,000 refrigerator cars—and where have those twelve thousand cars been distributed? This distribution is the vital question. I will answer it, and I ask the reader to stop and analyze carefully this answer, because the whole question of how this huge monopoly has been fastened upon the entire perishable food of the country is involved in this all-important reply. *Those 12,000 cars have been distributed over the perishable food-producing sections, under exclusive contracts with the railways which pierce and gridiron those sections.*

With the refrigerator cars of but one company allowed upon the railways of the perishable food-producing sections only one result is inevitable: an absolute iron-bound monopoly. Let us then at once proceed to a further consideration of what this exclusive contract really is and, further, to the means by which it creates a monopoly.

Mr. Armour says: "Now let us see what there is to the complaint that the exclusive contract gives the private car line a monopoly and enables it to charge what it likes. A refrigerator car line does acquire by an exclusive contract all the refrigeration business arising during the life of the contract on the particular railroad contracted with, but this contract no more creates a monopoly in the accepted meaning of the word than does the contract under which one paper mill, for example, supplies all the paper of certain grades used by the United States Government. The refrigerator car lines' contract, like the paper mills' contract, is simply an agreement that certain well-defined service shall be performed during a certain period at a certain price and in accordance with specifically described conditions."

Sophistry more subtle was never penned than is contained in the foregoing statement. The Armour exclusive contract is

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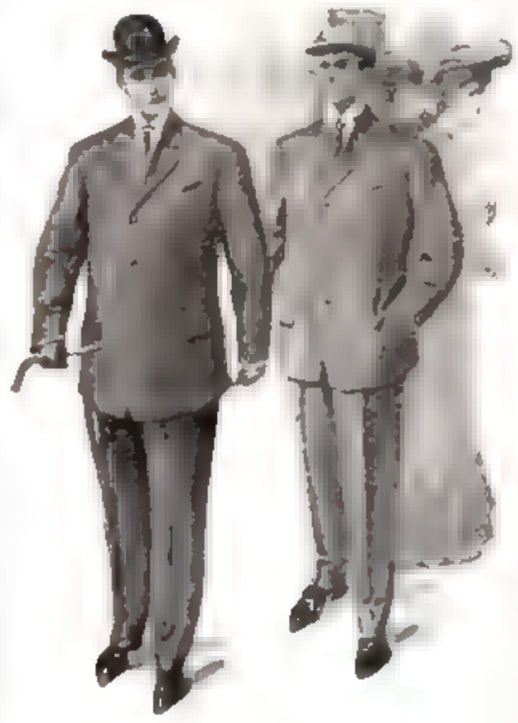

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no more like a paper mill's contract with the United States Government than the clear light of noon-day is comparable to midnight darkness.

Let us now see wherein the contract between the paper mill and the Government and the exclusive contract between the private car line and the railway differ, and let us show how absolutely dissimilar they are. The first is a contract that the mill shall furnish the Government a certain amount of a certain grade of paper at a stipulated price at stated times for a given period, and that ends the transaction. But, when a private car line closes an exclusive contract with a railway, the transaction has only just begun. Now let us see just how this private car line contract works in its two phases (for it has two and the second is quite as vital as the first). The private car line agrees to lease (in form of mileage) a certain number of refrigerator cars for a certain period—always as long a period as possible—to the railway at a mileage rental of three-fourths of a cent per mile mileage for each car going or coming loaded or empty. This mileage amounting, according to testimony adduced before the Interstate Commerce Commission, to percentages ranging from twenty-five per cent. to over fifty per cent. on the private car-line investment.

So far, so good: the private car line has certainly made a good contract. The percentage of profit is certainly, one would think, good enough to satisfy even a private car line, especially since the profit is lasting and cannot be interfered with; for the first clause of the contract drives from the railway, which is a party to it, all competing refrigerator cars. Therefore, the monopoly in furnishing refrigerator cars is complete, but a beggarly percentage of twenty-five per cent. to fifty per cent. and over does not satisfy a private car line, after a way has been found for increasing revenue which renders utterly insignificant such paltry earnings, and this brings us to the second phase of the exclusive contract—the phase which, in conjunction with destroying competition in cars, has enabled the private car lines to place an enormous and burdensome tax upon the entire perishable food of this country.

### The Case of Michigan

This second clause of the contract permits the private car line to charge whatever it sees fit for icing cars, and it is in the icing of cars that the private car lines have levied charges so outrageous as to amount to an enormous tax upon both the producer and consumer, these icing charges amounting (as has been before stated) to from one hundred to over four hundred per cent. of what a proper charge should be. This is no idle statement—it can be verified in thousands of instances—and yet Mr. Armour has the effrontery to characterize the men and newspapers and magazines pointing out these shameful abuses and endeavoring to have them corrected through proper legislation as yellow agitators, disturbers and meddlers. When private car lines under exclusive contracts (framed outside the law) charge $35 where $5 would be ample, $37.50 where $7.50; $45 where $11; $50 where $10; $84 where $15, and so on ad libitum, it is certainly time the press took up the cause of the people in a demand upon Congress for legislation which shall bring this gigantic and insatiate monopoly under restraint of a just and equitable law.

Mr. Armour elaborates the Michigan icing rate case in an endeavor to exonerate the private car lines, and this compels me to dissect his statement, which I will do in as brief a manner as possible. Mr. Armour says: "The difference between private car-line refrigeration rates in Michigan in 1900 or before and those subsequent to that year has been the subject of persistent and willful misrepresentation. This juggling of the truth has been the more dishonest because it has sought to justify itself by emphasizing a technicality. The private car line's Michigan tariff for 1902 *was* higher than for previous years. The reason for it was this prior to 1902 the Michigan roads paid for *all the ice* used for the initial icing of all fruit cars before being loaded, for re-icing after being loaded, and for re-icing en route to the East. . . . The car line's tariff therefore entirely excluded the cost of the initial icing and the re-icing Eastward. . . . After the first contract was made the railroads stopped furnishing ice and the car line's tariff then had to be made high enough to cover the new expense. . . . This change in rates brought no additional profit to the car line."

Now, let us see if we can unravel the foregoing and show what sort of extortion the private car lines have been practicing in the particular case of Michigan—and the Michigan extortion has always been mild as compared with extortion practiced elsewhere, particularly in Southern territory.

### When Ice was Free

In order completely to unravel Mr. Armour's statement regarding the Michigan case, we must understand that, prior to 1900, the railways in Michigan transported perishable commodities under refrigeration without, absolutely, any charge whatsoever for the ice. In other words, they transported fruits under refrigeration within the transportation rates. From 1900 to 1902 a charge was made from Michigan points to Eastern points of $20 a car for icing, and it was universally supposed by growers and shippers that this icing charge was a railway charge, but it seems from Mr. Armour's own statement that it was an Armour charge; and yet Mr. Armour coolly tells us that "the railroad furnished the initial ice before loading, re-icing after loading, and for re-icing en route." In short, the railroad furnished all the ice and yet the Armour private car line was charging the fruit growers of Michigan $20 a car. For what? For absolutely nothing. For, according to Mr. Armour's own statement, it was the railroad that was furnishing all the ice. Why the railway furnished the ice and then allowed the Armour Car Lines to turn into the car line coffers $20 a car, presumably for that very ice, is simply beyond human comprehension. No wonder the Pere Marquette went into bankruptcy!

In corroboration of his statement that the railways furnished the ice free, Mr. Armour cites the testimony of Mr. George B. Robbins, president of the Armour Car Lines, given before the Senate Committee on Interstate Commerce, May 15, 1905. Mr. Robbins in his testimony says: "In 1900 we furnished refrigeration to shippers of Michigan peaches, and, under the railroad rule or classification then in effect, the railroad paid us for, or absorbed, the cost of ice both at loading stations and en route, and our rates were based on these conditions. In 1902 the Michigan roads changed this rule and discontinued furnishing the ice free, and we advanced our charges to cover the additional cost of ice to us." What was this advance "to cover the additional cost of ice to us"? I will state what it was tersely as I can.

From 1900 to 1902 the Armour Car Lines charged $20 a car for ice that cost them nothing, as the railways were furnishing the ice free. In 1902 the railways withdrew the free ice, but at the same time entered into an exclusive contract with the Armour Car Lines, shutting out all competition, both in the matter of refrigerator cars and icing, and immediately those private car lines added to the $20 icing rates from Michigan points to Eastern points from $30 to $35 per car. In other words, icing rates, which theretofore had been $20 a car flat to all Eastern points, were, under the exclusive contract, raised to $50 and $55 per car. This no doubt is what is meant by the term "high finance."

### Justifying Extortion

Mr. Armour labors hard to justify the extortion practiced by private car lines by trying to make it appear that icing of cars is a "highly specialized" species of work, and drags in the professions of the law, medicine and engineering in an endeavor to bolster up this contention. But his whole cunningly built fabric falls in ridiculous ruin before evidence given at the hearing of the Interstate Commerce Commission of June, 1905, in which it was shown that a man who could not learn to ice a car in thirty minutes would be fit only for an asylum for idiots.

Icing a car consists in pitching the cakes of ice from a wagon or slipping them along a slide into the bunkers (ice-boxes). So far as maintaining a large force of specialists in the field is concerned, I have made diligent inquiry from men whose business in fruits has taken them back and forth for years over the fruit-producing sections, and the most I can find is that the few highly-specialized car-line experts that are roaming up and down the country are attending (outside of possibly California and Georgia) more closely to soliciting fruit for the private car lines at those competitive points where

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Picture between two covers all the marvels of the world and the most fascinating chapter of the book will be that which represents THE COAST LINE AND SHASTA ROUTE of the SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY, extending from Los Angeles, California, to Portland, Oregon—a veritable moving picture thirteen hundred miles long.

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The Road of a Thousand Wonders calls aloud to those who seek the one summer vacation of a lifetime. It cannot be described or imagined. You must traverse it to revel in its glories, *and now is the time.*

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all the roads are not yet under the ban of the exclusive contract, or in trying at non-competitive plants to get shipments away from those railways from which the private car lines can get no exclusive contract.

In my several replies to Mr. Armour's series of articles I have passed in silence his accusations and innuendos that ulterior motives actuate those who favor by operation of law proper regulation of icing charges. I have endeavored to consider only the broad merits of the controversy between Mr. Armour and his attorneys on the one hand and the public on the other, touching private car-line methods in general and the exclusive contract in particular. Step by step it has been shown by incontrovertible evidence how an intolerable and unlawful tax has been placed upon the entire perishable fruit of this country. It has been shown that this unbearable tax is levied by so simple a means as the icing of refrigerator cars; the use of which cars, however, is imperative in the transportation of every species of perishable food. And, finally, it has been shown that the levying of this extortionate and scandalous tax has been made possible in its full enormity through the operation of the private car-line exclusive contract which Mr. Armour attempts to defend, not upon the merits of the issue, but largely by attempting to throw discredit upon the motives and sincerity of those who are endeavoring to bring the private car lines under control of law. This is the very heart of the whole matter. The private car lines know that, once brought under the control of law, the exclusive contract is doomed and with it goes the free opportunity of excessive and extortionate icing charges.

Finally, Mr. Armour says: "The consumer, too, has a vital interest in this private car-line question." A greater truth never was uttered, and it is precisely because "the consumer, too, has such a vital interest in the private car-line question" that efforts are being made by the people everywhere to obtain relief from this gigantic private car-line exclusive contract monopoly which is taxing every mouthful of perishable food under a cunningly-conceived and viciously-executed system which at present no law can reach.

# PLAYER FOLK

"She Picked Them Out of an Ash Barrel"

### Make-Up and Imagination

CLARA BLOODGOOD has been likened to Réjane because of the realism of her methods and the piquancy of her sense of humor. Until recently she has appeared only as the woman of the fashionable world—Clyde Fitch's Girl With the Green Eyes, and Bernard Shaw's Ann in Man and Superman; but one of the numerous benefit performances for the San Francisco sufferers gave her the opportunity to appear in the American equivalent of the *gamin* parts of the French comedienne—a Broadway flower girl, who recognizes in one of her customers an old rake, the man who abandoned her mother, and left herself, his daughter, to grow up in the streets.

Feeling that here was a chance to conquer a new province in her art, she studied her make-up with a minuteness and subtlety of imagination that surprised even her friends. The effect she sought to produce was of *gamin* homeliness, even toughness, but with an underlying refinement of nature. She wore an old battered straw hat with a rose in the front surmounted by an absurdly bedraggled feather.

"She picked them out of an ash barrel," Mrs. Bloodgood explained. "I don't think there's anything quite as pathetic as the way a woman, if she's the right sort, will try to give some little touch of beauty to her clothes, no matter how dowdy they are. I once saw a girl who had pinned a bow of blue ribbon on a black parasol, two of the ribs of which were broken. You'll think me an awful fool, but the tears came into my eyes."

The flower girl's shirtwaist proved an almost insoluble problem. Mrs. Bloodgood's feeling was that it would be blue flannel, and without a collar. But the effect, as a friend pointed out, was of the conventional Bowery girl of vaudeville, whereas the play required that she should have some touch of refinement to appeal to her father, who was a man of exquisite fashion. Mrs. Bloodgood then tried a white shirt, but the effect was far too refined. Finally she went back to the blue flannel, but put a collar on it edged with white.

There were probably not three people in the audience who realized the care and feeling that had gone to the creation of this simple costume, but the result of it was none the less convincing. In spite of the frequent lapses of memory in the man who played her father, the effect was quite as true and as poignant as in the characters of her previous repertory.

### The Clyde Fitch Touch

CLYDE FITCH usually spends the spring in Taormina, Sicily, and goes for the summer to San Moritz, in Switzerland; and the result of these sojourns is generally a brace of new plays. This year he went to Paris, and was taken sick there with his old malady of acute indigestion. He attributed it to the badness of the present crop of French plays. As soon as he was well enough he took an automobile and made the tour of the Lightning Conductor, sending illustrated postcards to his friends in America from each of his night's stops. Under a picture of the Roman Amphitheatre at Orange he wrote: "This house is not controlled by the syndicate." As long as he was in France he signed himself Claude. When he crossed the line into Italy he became Claudio. Of his hotel in Florence he wrote: "The walls are of the time of Dante, but the plumbing is of the time of D'Annunzio." It would be hard to find a sentence more compendiously describing the alpha and omega of Italian literature.

### A Literary Drama

WILTON LACKAYE'S sense of verbal aptitude is as keen as his sense for the embodiment of character on the stage, as has long been evident to those who have heard his curtain speeches. To a friend who called in his dressing-room while he was making up the putty nose of Svengali, he lately read these gems of speech from a printed play that had fallen into his hands. It was called Robert and Cornelia, a Romantic Society Tragedy, and it represents Robert as thus describing his love:

"Of late I feel a very peculiar pain. Sometimes in the head, again in the heart—occasionally in both places: a twitching of the muscles, a gurgling of the blood, as if they were symptoms of some woeful malady. That I should suffer so! And all for love! And I do love. Oh, I love her so!"

Cornelia, however, has turned cold to such passion, and Robert reproaches her:

"Come, dear, do ease this poor heart. Why do you act like this? Has my excessive devotion proven an emetic to your soul; hence the ejection of my love?"

In the end Cornelia stabs herself, and the minister says, as the curtain descends: "She is dead. An undefiled bride of the unavoidable."

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"Taylor Old Style" tin is serving what will in all probability be a life sentence on the roofs of many of the Pennsylvania State penitentiary buildings. On the older buildings it has been giving good service for over twenty-five years and subsequent roofing needs have invariably been taken care of with "Taylor Old Style" tin.

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N. & G. TAYLOR COMPANY
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*Better than the soap you thought was best.*

Makes a better, creamier lather in a quicker, neater way.

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by sending 4c in stamps for trial stick in nickeled box—enough for a month's shaving.

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# Danger of "ptomaine poisoning" in ice cream you buy

A spoonful of "ptomaine" ice cream under the microscope would quite spoil your taste for *bought* ice cream.

Stop and think of the poisonous germ-breeding conditions the ice cream you buy is exposed to: made in large quantities the cream and milk are collected from many sources, seldom are properly tested, the ice cream stands for days and often is re-frozen.

Another danger is the cans, left in all sorts of places, to cling who knows what contagion! You don't know whether they are scalded (sterilized) each time, as milk utensils *must* be to keep them sweet.

But the real risk with bought ice cream is that it *may* contain the very germs that have cost people their lives—ptomaines caused by tainted milk, decayed fruit or sour cans—and yet, when highly flavored and frozen, *tastes* "good."

Competition between the makers is close. With reduction of price, adulteration begins. You can't be sure the ice cream you offer your family is fresh and pure unless you make it at *home*.

It's easy for any one now to make delicious ice cream because of the Peerless Ice and Freezer, the simplest freezer made.

*Never* turns hard; freezes cream smooth, fine and firm in *three minutes;* it is easily cleaned; has few parts; there is nothing about it to confuse the cook.

With it, the possibilities of having attractive desserts are endless. And all ice made in your own Peerless Iceland Freezer has "a different taste," delicate and delicious.

If not on sale in your town, order direct from us. We pay the express. Use it and if it does not make *good* ice cream *easier* we'll pay for its return and promptly refund your money. Dealers sell the Peerless Iceland the same way. A spring-to-crank book is free. Ice Cream and Dessert Recipes—well-known Cooks. We will send it with the address of a Peerless Ice and dealer in your town, if you will write.

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We will send one of these water coolers [illegible] any reliable person in [illegible] upon receipt of [illegible] Price $6.00. We will refund your money at once if you are not entirely satisfied after using it 30 days. Return it at our expense.

Note Advantages: Water cannot become contaminated even if impure ice is used. Water flows directly from bottle to faucet through coil of pure block tin and is cooled in transit.

Above cut is a sectional view of our [illegible] finished in white enamel, with [illegible] ice capacity. Price $6.00.

NOTICE—Our cooler is covered by broad basic patents, and we are now prosecuting [illegible] several infringements.

[illegible] Rochester, N. Y., [illegible] special features, [illegible] made at about this price.

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# SHOP TALK

### The Moment and the Man

I WAS "up agin it": thirty dollars a month and twenty-three of that for board—just a poor, struggling law clerk.

I stepped into a clothing-store to buy a cheap cap and heard the manager say: "If I only had a decent mailing-list, one that covered this territory——"

"Why not?" I said to myself. The germ was planted. I saw several business men, and, seeing, did. It took me two weeks to canvass the town; two more to do the tributary trade-territory, and then at an expense of one hundred and twenty dollars for printing—which was paid for by the advertisements the book contained—I had a mailing-list ready for sale.

I have quit clerking and am now handling my own advertising agency, clearing on an average of fifty dollars per week. My first venture cleared me two hundred and twenty-five dollars.

Any one who can read and write and lives in a small town where no directory is printed can take up this work with wages commensurate with his ability to hustle.

—*F. G. McE.*

### A Stay-at-Home Woman Drummer

I HAD been employed as a bookkeeper for a small shirtwaist house that catered only to the city trade, and employed but two salespeople. I had often wondered why the house had not put a man on the road, and when I inquired the reason was informed that the house could not afford to just then. That set me thinking, and, being a woman, to scheming.

I proposed to my employer that I should canvass the out-of-town trade on a five per cent. commission basis, still retaining my position as bookkeeper. Strange thing for a woman to undertake? Well, I did it, and here is how I became a "*female drummer.*"

I ordered at the expense of the house a very finely lithographed business card, the size of a lady's visiting-card, with the firm name and address and the words "Ladies' High-Grade Waists" engraved on it. Then I took the Hotel Reporter and from its columns selected the names of buyers of leading houses, for I was after big game. On the back of the cards I wrote a few lines, asking the recipient kindly to call at the showroom and inspect my line of waists. That done, I signed my name and mailed the cards to the hotels.

My knowledge of men in general made me positive of two things: first, that every man is flattered by a woman's attentions, so that when he receives a tiny envelope addressed in a feminine hand, he wonders, "Who knows I'm in town?"—and, second, his curiosity always prompts him "to see the woman just for fun."

My intuition served me well, for five out of every six buyers called, and I invariably secured several orders. The first was from the largest dry-goods house in St. Louis, and was for seven hundred dollars.

When the buyer left I didn't know whether to cry or laugh, and I don't remember which I did, for that was seven years ago, and the scheme was one of my greatest business successes. —*J. T.*

### The Making of a Contractor

I REACHED Seattle in the fall of '98 with just sixty cents in my pocket, and happened to hear, on the street, a conversation between two strangers. One of these was telling the other that he could not work for him as he had another job.

"Say, Mister," I said, "I want a job."

I must have said it as if I meant it, for the man hired me then and there—and it was a pretty particular job, too—pumping air to a diver.

After that was over, the best thing I could find was pick-and-shovel work at $1.35 a day, but in about six weeks my boss made me a foreman. After I had worked for him about eight months, one of the teamsters took a notion to go to the Klondike and offered me his team, harness and dirt-scraper for a hundred dollars in cash. I had only fifty dollars saved, but I borrowed fifty and gave a mortgage on the team for security.

The first contract I took for myself was the moving of two thousand cubic yards of dirt. I suspected that the lower part of the excavation would contain good building sand, so I went to the place at midnight, so that the other bidders would know nothing about it, and bored down with a long auger. Then, finding that I was right, I put in a bid that was considerably lower than any other bidder. All the experienced excavators laughed at me and said I would lose, but, when I struck the sand, I had the laugh on them. I cleared $175 on the job in three weeks—fully half of which was sand sold.

When I finished that job I took an old frame building to tear down. It was a rush job with five dollars a day premium for every day less than ten days. I put an advertisement in both Seattle papers: "Free lumber; come and get it!"—and I gave the street and number of my old frame house. The following morning the street was almost blocked with folks who wanted that free lumber. One man wanted siding. To him I said:

"Take off the side of that building and you can have it."

I made the same deal with a man that wanted flooring. A brick-mason tore down the chimneys to get the bricks. I had an army of men at work in a short time without a cent's expense to myself. I had the ground clear in three days and received $35 premium money—making in all $107 which I cleared on this job.

I now bought another team and sent $50 "back East" for a younger brother to come out to drive it, and, as my capital permitted, branched out into other lines of contract-work. Sometimes I had a pretty tough time of it, but the toughest was in the beginning. That took self-confidence and hustling, and with those qualities I believe that any young man of fairly ordinary ability can commence to-day and work up into a general contracting and constructing business in almost any city of twenty-five thousand inhabitants or over in the United States.

—*W. D. B.*

### A Dead-Line Against Saloons

ONE of the great Chicago mail-order merchandise houses has lately moved into a plant specially built for it in the western part of that city. The place covers a forty-acre tract, and has several buildings of such magnitude that the whole resembles an exposition. This house employs more than seven thousand people, and one of the first questions that came up after it moved was the problem of keeping the neighborhood free of saloons. Such an army of employees naturally attracts dramshops. An arbitrary order prohibiting drinking did not appear exactly the thing. It would probably be violated, for one reason, and the head of this company dislikes regulations that dictate what employees shall do outside of business hours. Finally a suggestion was made that seemed good. By way of keeping the saloons at a distance, it was recommended that employees be asked to refuse to drink in any saloon within eight blocks of the plant. This would give a prohibition belt fully a mile wide.

Before the order was issued, however, the head of the company called all his men together at a noon meeting; told them that plans were afoot for surrounding the buildings with good pavements and an elaborate scheme of landscape gardening; stated that saloons would be likely to lower the character of the place if they came, and that they would surely come if they ever got the patronage of three thousand men, and that the company had been perplexed as to what should be done in the matter. It had been decided to ask employees not to drink inside an eight-block belt, but to ask it only if a majority were agreed that such would be a reasonable request. Then, instead of a request, it had seemed fairer to take a vote on the question, and if the ballot were resorted to, to make it a definite order of the company. Put thus diplomatically, the ballot plan met with unanimous favor.

Next day a formal vote was taken. Every male employee had a ballot, and the returns were so largely in favor of the prohibition that the order was immediately put into effect. Even the teamsters, who at the company's former plant downtown had been fond of "rushing the can," voted for the order almost to a man. —*S. P.*

# Washing by Gravity

## Pay Me Out of What It Saves You

You've never seen a Washer like this!

Because it has only been invented a short time.

It is as far ahead of ordinary washers as a horse would be ahead of a cow in a race.

And it leaves the Washboard so far behind that it's lost from sight in the distance.

We've sold thousands and thousands of Washers after putting each one of them out on a month's trial test.

Think of that for a test of goodness.

We [illegible] shown in the picture our 1900 "Gravity" Washer.

You know, "Gravity" is what makes a stone roll down hill.

And our new Washer is called the "Gravity" because it almost works itself by practically the same principle as the stone rolling down hill.

* * *

You throw the clothes into a tub of soapy water, start off the machine, and the Gravity does nearly all the rest.

I don't mean that it washes all the dirty clothes without a little help from you—mind that!

You must throw the clothes into the tub by hand and start off the machine working, by hand, and keep it going by hand while it drives the soapy water to and fro through the clothes.

Then you must (in about six minutes after the Gravity has been washing) stop the tub and run the washed clothes through the Wringer, by hand.

So you see it isn't all play. There's some work left for the Woman.

But she can wash a tub full of very dirty clothes with this new "Gravity Washer" in less than Six minutes, by the clock.

And she can wash them with her Head—her Brains—instead of with her hands, because, she can make the Machine do nearly all the work. She hasn't got to bend over a steaming tub of suds with the "Gravity Washer," nor work one of those back-breaking threshing-machines they call "Washers" in the hardware stores.

The "Gravity Washer" won't tear the finest piece of lace—it won't break a button—nor it won't wear the thinnest white clothes.

Because, all the washing is done by driving soapy water through the threads of the dirty clothes.

And this is done chiefly by Gravity—by the same thing that makes a stone roll down hill.

And this Washer is sold so it must pay for itself.

* * *

Now, I want to send one of these "Gravity Washers" to any person I believe to be honest, for a month's free trial, so they can prove what I say to be true.

I don't want a penny from you for the month's use of it, remember, unless you decide to keep it after that.

But, if you find it will save you its whole cost, you may pay me after each washing 60c a week for it, or $2.00 a month, out of what it saves you, till the machine is fully paid for.

And, you needn't decide whether you'll keep the Washer or not till after you've tested it a full Month—free of charge.

I will pay the freight myself both ways—and I don't ask a penny of security from you.

If you feel you can do without the "Gravity Washer" after you've used it a month, I will take it back from you, without a penny from you for its use, or a growl from me.

Now, How could I make anything out of that kind of deal if our new "Gravity Washer" wouldn't really do all I say it will?

Write me to-day if you want this "Gravity Washer" on a month's free trial. Address plainly: R. F. Bieber, Treas., 1900 Washer Co., 6066 Henry St., Binghamton, N. Y., or 355 Yonge St., Toronto, Can.

# Oddities and Novelties
## OF EVERY-DAY SCIENCE

**THE BUSY BUGS—IN WINTER THEY SLEEP IN A CAKE OF ICE AND OBJECT TO MOVING.**

WINTER'S greatest consolation is absence of insects, which in tropical countries are a nuisance all the year round. Of course, however, even in temperate latitudes bugs of various kinds must live through the cold season, else there would be none to propagate their species when warm weather comes again. It is to us, indeed, a matter of familiar observation that many flies and mosquitoes do thus survive.

Dr. James Fletcher, of Ottawa, who has been making a study of this subject, says that intensity of cold seems to have little or no effect upon hibernating insects. Some of them actually live over the winter embedded in solid ice. No matter how low the thermometer may drop, a bug never freezes. But, if disturbed and taken from the place which it has prepared for itself, in cocoons or otherwise, it will perish.

Even in the depths of winter many insects may be seen moving about on the bottom of open water, in streams or ponds. Large water-beetles and various other aquatic bugs exhibit this indifference to temperature, and, if some of the débris from the bottom be examined, it will be found to contain the larvæ of several kinds of flies.

Along the borders of swamps in winter, examination of the seed-heads of cattails will reveal large olive-brown caterpillars and queer-looking weevils. Tufts of mosses and lichens on the trunks of trees will repay the trouble of detaching and shaking them over sheets of white paper, yielding an incredible number of small bugs of nearly every order. In the burdock heads will be found the fat larvæ of certain moths, while the chrysalis of other species may be discovered beneath old logs and chips, often covered with ice.

It is a wonderful world of insect life that is disclosed by intelligent search in the winter-time, when to the casual eye there is no such thing as a bug to be seen. In the deepest recesses of hollow trees and under fence rails will be found hibernating "painted ladies," "swallow-tails," and other butterflies, while the chrysalis of many species of moths will be found in clumps of grass above the snow, or in bunches of dead leaves on bush or tree.

**WHEN YOUR HOUSE EXPLODES—ONE SURE SIGN THAT THERE IS A TORNADO IN TOWN.**

YOU scarcely realize that the house you live in, if all the surrounding air were suddenly removed, would promptly explode like a gigantic bomb—the catastrophe being due, of course, to the pressure of the air inside.

This, however, is exactly what often happens when a town is struck by a tornado, and of all the other effects of such a whirling storm none, perhaps, is quite so impressive. The funnel-shaped cloud is a tube revolving at a tremendous rate, and inside of it a high vacuum is created, with a powerful draft upward. Its lower extremity, touching the ground, destroys everything in its path, and when it strikes a house the latter literally bursts.

Eye-witnesses have said that the funnel-cloud looks like an enormously exaggerated elephant's trunk, feeling its way along, and sucking up whatever it comes across. As a result of the disastrous tornado of May, 1896, in St. Louis, it was noticed that many of the brick buildings in the path of the monster had been demolished as by an explosive force from within, throwing the roofs off and the walls outward.

No structure that can be built by man will withstand the fury of a tornado, which makes nothing of twisting the steel girders of a railroad bridge into shapelessness. A storm of this kind usually travels about thirty miles an hour, but the speed of gyration of the tube may be as much as five hundred miles an hour. Straws are sometimes driven half an inch into trees, suggesting a velocity equal to that of a rifle-bullet.

Tornadoes will sometimes strip people naked, even taking the shoes from their feet. In one instance a baby was carried half a mile and put down without injury. Chickens are frequently plucked clean. There was another case where a stove was carried away, and a vase of flowers on the mantel-shelf above it was left intact. Water is commonly sucked out of wells and cisterns, leaving them dry; and an exceptionally freakish occurrence once reported was the pulling of two buckets of milk out of a well wherein they were hanging at a depth of twenty-five feet when the "cyclone twister" came along.

**FAT IS GOOD FOR FOLKS—IT IS THE BEST OF FUEL FOR THE HUMAN FURNACE.**

MANY people avoid fat as if it were poison, deeming it indigestible. Nevertheless, recent investigations by Government food experts have proved that this substance in certain forms is both wholesome and easily assimilated.

Bacon, for example, is commonly regarded as difficult of digestion, but the fact is the very opposite, if it be properly cooked. Its bad reputation in this regard seems to be due to the circumstance that it is often fried at too high a temperature. This decomposes the fat in a chemical sense, one of the products given off being "acrolein," which makes the eyes smart and irritates all the mucous surfaces. The moral is: Avoid too hot a fire. Lean bacon contains as much muscle-making stuff and twice as much digestible fat as other meats, so that, at an equal price per pound, it is cheaper as an article of diet. Properly prepared, and taken with other foods, it helps digestion.

Fat, it should be remembered, is the most efficient of all fuels for running the body, though starch and sugar serve the same purpose. Cream, as everybody knows, is very wholesome, notwithstanding the fact that it is so rich in fat.

**MAKE THEM LAY—A SCHEME TO BREAK ALL PREVIOUS RECORDS IN THE EGG MARKET.**

THE hen that will lay an egg a day throughout the year may be said to be almost in sight. Chickens being Mormons, it is undeniably appropriate that the Utah Experiment Station should have taken up a new line of work which has for its object the improvement of the domestic fowl in this respect. Of course, the propagation of good laying-breeds has been going on for thousands of years, but hitherto nobody seems to have thought of selecting the best layers in each breed, generation after generation, with a view to the production of families of remarkable layers.

This is the idea which the experts at the Utah Experiment Station are trying to work out, and with such success that in half a dozen years, during which they have been engaged on the problem, they have largely augmented the productiveness of the trial flocks. Whereas, in ordinary circumstances, hens do not average over about 120 eggs in a twelvemonth, many individuals have been bred which have made a record of over two hundred eggs in a year, and a few have done considerably better, one particularly fecund fowl laying no fewer than 251 eggs between January 1 and December 31.

At the present time no hens are reserved for breeding whose mothers have not produced two hundred or more eggs in a year; and, likewise, the cockerels employed as sires must be the sons of equally distinguished maternal parents. By continuing this process through many generations, it is expected that records exceeding three hundred eggs will be obtained, and distinct strains of great layers will be developed. The milk-yield of dairy cattle has been enormously increased by judicious selection of sires and dams, and in the same way horses have been bred for speed, and sheep for wool. There does not seem to be any reason why like methods should not be applied, with equally good results, to chickens for augmenting the yield of eggs.

In order to establish records each hen is provided with a metal leg-band to which is attached a small tag bearing her number. Trap-nests, as they are called, are employed—so contrived that each hen locks herself in when she enters, and cannot get out until she has laid. Each egg is stamped and dated.


JAP-A-LAC

A Stain and Varnish Combined

DO YOUR OWN VARNISHING

You may have considered varnishing as hard work,—work that you could not do. JAP-A-LAC is made especially for the purpose of enabling every housewife to do her own varnishing with results unsurpassed by the most experienced expert. There is not an article of ordinary use about your home, from cellar to garret, that could not be improved by the use of JAP-A-LAC.

Here's a list of things that should always be kept JAP-A-LAC-ED:

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| WIRE SCREENS | CHAIRS | ANDIRONS |
| REFRIGERATORS | TABLES | LINOLEUM |
| PORCH FURNITURE | FLOORS | CHANDELIERS |
| WICKER FURNITURE | RANGES | PLATE RACKS |
| INTERIOR WOODWORK | RADIATORS | PICTURE FRAMES |

WEATHER-BLATEN DOORS

The surest way for you to become acquainted with this wonderful finish, is to try a small can on some article of furniture you had intended to discard. It will cost but a trifle, and will convince you that many dollars a year can be saved by its liberal use.

Don't think you cannot do the work as well as any one else,—you can. Don't accept anything but JAP-A-LAC [illegible] There are many imitations on the market, which are claimed to be "just as good" as JAP-A-LAC, but none of them has stood the test of time, and you are likely to find that they are colored with a cheap aniline dye which looks all right at first, but soon fades and becomes dull.

Insist on JAP-A-LAC. It is put up in self sealing cans, bearing green labels.

All sizes from 15c to $2.50. For sale by Paint, Hardware and Drug Dealers.

JAP-A-LAC Natural

may be applied by yourself and a beautiful finish produced on a

Hard or Soft Wood Floor

without employing an expert. When your floors become scuffed and dull, you can refinish them yourself at about what it would cost to pay an expert for his time. JAP-A-LAC, properly applied, will give any floor a lustrous, mirror-like finish as hard as flint. Heel prints will not mar it nor scratches show white. You can scrub it as much as you like and not injure the finish. Old floors distribute germs—JAP-A-LAC makes your floors sanitary.

A Warning Against the Dealer Who Substitutes

[illegible] twenty-five minutes [illegible] your time to argue [illegible] you! Save time by insisting on JAP-A-LAC

The Glidden Varnish Co.

Address Dept. S-6

611 Rockefeller Bldg. Cleveland, Ohio

Pearline

—especially adapted to washing

Ducks

Linens

Pongees

Lawns

Madras

Batiste

Percales

Cheviots

Ginghams

Organdies

and all other Wash Fabrics

SUMMER EXERCISE requires frequent washing of many gowns—Don't wear them out by destructive rubbing with soap and washboard.

Pearline

does more than soap can do—WITHOUT RUBBING. That's why the most delicate wash fabrics last twice as long when

Pearline Does the Washing

Sharpen Your Lawn Mower 20 Times For 23 Cents

Eureka Sharpener

[illegible] keen and accurate [illegible] See illustration. No filing. Simply push mower an inch [illegible] on Eureka Sharpener at [illegible]

Eureka Sharpener Co., 1305 Sixteenth St. Detroit, Mich.

SUMMER SPORTS

of every kind, for your vacation and coming holidays [illegible] be found in our up to date illustrated catalog, which will be sent [illegible]

FREE CREST TRADING CO. 21 E Wilmark Building, N. Y.

GIBSON'S PATENT EXCHANGE

1121 Park Row Building, New York City. Patents handled on commission. Write us. No reply within five days will mean we cannot handle your patent

# Sense and Nonsense

### Girls

You need not beware of widows merely be wary.

Optimism is a widow's willingness to take another chance.

A really pious girl when kissed on one cheek will turn the other.

A coquette is a girl who throws down her ideal and calls for a new deal.

Many a girl sighs for an affinity when she merely wants some one to support her.

Armed with a large solitaire the average young man can usually realize his ideal.

Remember that a girl is more interested in your intentions than in your attentions.

A man who will ask a girl's permission to kiss her is the kind that will stay home and take care of the baby.

You make the dough her father used to make and she'll see about the bread that mother used to make.

The difference between platonic friendship and love is the difference between tweedledum and tweedledee.

—*Chester Field, Jr.*

### Song of the Remorseful Twilight

sumtimes wenn u are kommen hoam at nite
from playen hookey nuthen semes uz brite
uz it did in the mornen wenn u hurd
temtashuns voyce that kum to u ann sturd
ure eavul pashuns up ann then uno
how turble is remourse. ann u walk slo
soze to put off the owr wenn u must fass
ure muther. ann purhapps u sitt sum plass
owt in the woods ann wunder ore ann ore
wi that u neavur thott uv that befour.

the mornfle shuldoze fawl ann uz u hole
ure fishpoal in the woods u kood uv knide
ann in ure mizzery u sitt ann wish
that thare was neavur sutch a thing uz fish
to temt u frum the strate ann narro path
ann o u no ure waten muthers rath
will be a turble thing ann them u say
goodnite in sutch a hollo mornfle w...
to ure chumm hoo plade hook ...an
n wisht ure gilty hart aint throbben so.

iff it was onley mornen ann the lite
uv the worm sun was glorryus ann brite
u woodunt feal so skairt but itts the gloom
that maiks u think uv wott a turble doom
uve gott to fass. ann wenn u sen the lamp
thats in the kittehun windo ure browse damp
with beeds uv swett ann awl along the ...
u wash ter ... w ... saw
like merry anntoynett hoo onley ...
the acks was sharp ann wood not be delade.

—*J. W. Foley.*

### Propitiating the Lion

WHEN John H. O'Brien, now Fire Commissioner of New York, was a reporter in Buffalo, he was sent one day to "cover" a conference of the African Methodist Episcopal Church.

The colored brethren were glad to see him. He was the only reporter who had honored them. They gave him a seat on the platform and did everything they could to make him comfortable.

At five o'clock in the afternoon they were in full swing in an important debate on some question of church policy. O'Brien had more than he could use and started to go.

The Bishop who was presiding saw his preparations.

"Must you go?" he asked O'Brien.

"Yes," said O'Brien, "I cannot stay any longer at this time."

The Bishop advanced to the edge of the platform.

"My brothers," he said, "the reporter must go now. He can stay with us no longer this afternoon. Therefore, I suggest that we adjourn until such time as it may suit the convenience of the reporter to return."

### The Complete Bachelor

**Bleached**

..., I was wont to dream
... I ...
... s I wake to find
The ox-eyed girls all have peroxide hair!

**The Ready Writer**

The Ardent Lover writes, and then the brute
Ceases to woo, grows cold, and turns quite mute.
But don't You ever tear his Letters up!
You'll need them in your Breach-of-Promise Suit!

**Watering the Lambs**

Little drops of water
...
Little drops of water
... the Lambkin ...
...
...
Fill the largest buckets
In the bucket-...

**Do Do Eyes**

...
... father ...
All beauty's skin-deep—it is human—
And beauties are mostly a skin

**Secondary Autoits**

If he snorts regardless by you
With his goggles on his nose,
And you know he is a scorcher
By his automobile clothes;
If he talks about his "*chauffeur*"
In a very offhand way,
Then be sure your ... is ...
Rents his auto by the d...

—*Reginald Wright Kaufman.*

### Sentimental Surgery

A PARTY of college students, celebrating a football victory in New York, ran into an unexpected difficulty in the shape of some policemen, and after the smoke of the battle had cleared away, as the political orators say, it was necessary to cart one of the young men to a hospital and fix up his head.

The young surgeon in charge of such cases put the collegian on the table and looked him over. He had a long gash in his forehead. The surgeon cleansed the wound and began to sew it up. He labored for half an hour, and then burst into the office of the doctor in charge.

"I can't do anything with that young chap in there," he said.

"What's the matter?" asked his superior.

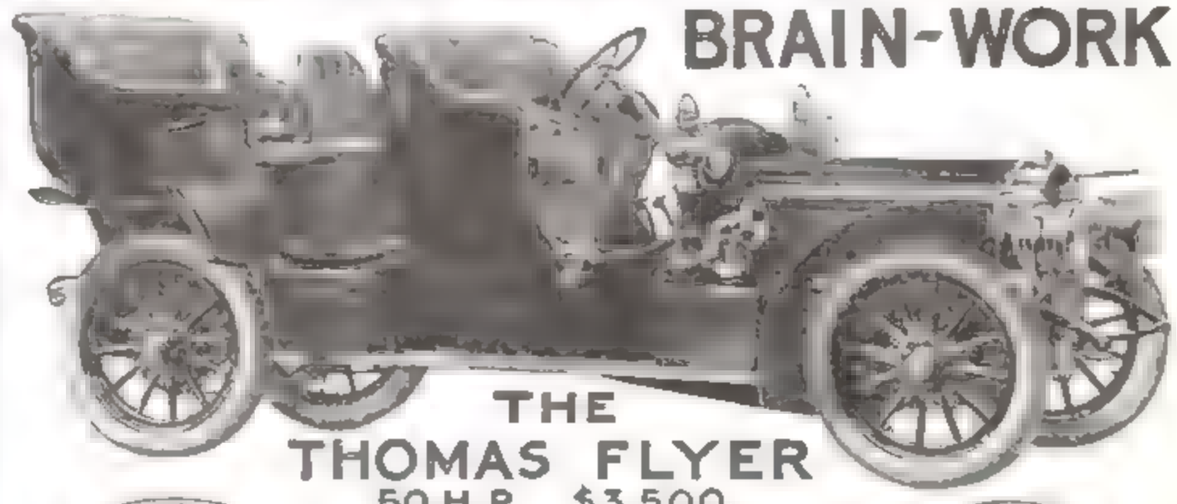
"Why, every time I put in a stitch he pulls it out and says: 'She loves me,' and when I put in the next one he pulls that out and says: 'She loves me not.'"

### Wallflowers?

The little moths are never gay,
They cannot dance at all,
I wonder what they do when they
Attend a camphor ball.

—*Sam S. Stinson.*


IT EMBODIES THE WORLD'S-BEST BRAIN-WORK



THE THOMAS FLYER
50 H.P. $3,500.

## Surprising Move of E. R. Thomas

**Established an Engineering Department in Paris, France**

**Has Combined the Talents of the Best French Automobile Experts with the Engineering Forces of His Own American Factories.**

THE most significant and surprising piece of information given to the automobile world for several years is the announcement that Mr. E. R. Thomas, of the Thomas Motor Co., Buffalo, N. Y., has established an engineering department in Paris which has been maintained at a heavy expenditure for many months.

The news is all the more noteworthy because Mr. Thomas is almost universally accepted as the uncompromising champion of American Automobile construction, and has persistently maintained that the alleged superiority of foreign cars was a myth.

The announcement of his foreign investment was nevertheless authorized by Mr. Thomas himself, who smilingly replied to the suggestion that it might imply an admission that his views concerning American supremacy were changing by saying:

"On the contrary, if you will study the situation a little but you will see that our move is dictated by the thoroughly American policy of taking the best the world has to offer and ... upon it.

"Any other policy would be narrow, insular, and unbusinesslike. If Americans were held back at all in the first few years of automobile construction it was because her builders cockily and contemptuously refused to consider the good work of those who were pioneers in the industry abroad, preferring to follow out certain more or less freakish mechanical features of their own. Years were lost in uncertain experimental work, which might more profitably have been utilized in following the same basic ideas of construction which had been worked out abroad.

### An International Product

"The automobile is an international ... A great railroad authority has expressed surprise that in seven years from its origin the automobile has accomplished a speed of fifty miles per hour on the common road, though it has required a period of fifty years for the railway train on special roadbeds to accomplish the same speed.

"This rapid development of the automobile is really not a matter of wonder when it is remembered that it is the result of the combined talent of the best mechanical engineers of France, Germany, England and America, numbering into thousands. These men have enjoyed the advantages of a technical education, a larger and more varied mechanical experience and the advantage of great numbers as compared with the limited number of the past.

"The automobile is an evolution and not a revolution, and no high-class machine of any one country is entirely original. The best machine of any country includes in its design and construction the best, and usually the most costly, features of all countries—or in other words, a machine that adheres to the original designs of its constructor without taking advantage of improvements evolved by others, is impractical and unsalable. Thus the imported bearings of one wheel of the Thomas Flyer cost more than all the ordinary American ball bearings used in American cars put together.

"It is acknowledged that the first practical automobile originated in France and that country more than any other is entitled to credit for the original improvements in the greatest number, but French, German, English and American manufacturers have been compelled to 'borrow' from each other ideas which have redounded to the mutual benefit of all. Positively no one nation is independent of the other, nor can any country justly claim all credit for all improvements.

### The Best From Every Land

"The pneumatic tire is English; the hardened-rivet chain, annular bearings and back-stop safety device are American. The gas-engine is German, the application and accepted design French, and all the nations use American tools, and many of them American steel. Thus it is proven that no one country is entitled to all credit, but that the high-class automobile is a combination of the best features of the various ideas and products of all countries.

"So you see that the maintenance of an engineering office in Paris is entirely consistent. We have there a corps of noted automobile experts, and they, in connection with our own superb mechanical force, are constantly planning and striving to incorporate in the Thomas—an American car, remember—the very best that the whole world can produce."

Since this announcement has been made public the character of the campaign conducted by the Thomas Company in connection with this ... is more readily understood. The company had repeatedly said early in the season that they would build a car which would put an end to old-world rivalry.

At all the great shows this assertion was emphasized, and so evidently was the promise "made good" that the entire output of the great new concrete factory at Buffalo was sold in an amazingly short time. This great new factory, completed only a few months ago, is now about to be almost doubled in size. Eight hundred machines will have been built before January 1st and next year's production is to reach the astonishing total of one thousand.

The Florsheim SHOE

Look for Name on Shoe

The Kendal

Genuine French Calf, Blucher Oxford, Narrow Toe, Military Heel.

¶ The "FLORSHEIM" Oxford embodies the greatest possible shoe value. Modeled on absolutely scientific lines.

You never have to "break in" a Florsheim. It gives genuine comfort from the start.

Florsheim & Company
CHICAGO, U. S. A.

Style Book shows "a fit for every foot" Send for it. Most styles sell for $5.00.

# The Fire-Eaters

(Continued from Page 9)

awoke one morning to find that Jennings had arrived in the night. How delighted I was and how glad he was to see me! It was Saturday. I was going out to shoot tomtits. He went with me. He was very sweet and sympathetic, but seemed depressed and sad. He did not hum to himself snatches of little French "chansons" as was his wont. I wondered what the trouble was. Next day it all came out in the Richmond papers. He had fought a duel with the Honorable Sherrard Clemens, of Wheeling, and had severely wounded his opponent. London Punch came in the same mail. In it was a caricature representing a young sportsman who had not hit a bird all day, but had finally blown one nearly to pieces.

"Ah, Sandy," said the elated sportsman, "I hit that one."

"Yes, sorrh," said the disgusted old gamekeeper; "they will fly into it sometimes."

I was delighted with the joke, for my fighting-blood was up. I was glad Jennings had hit Clemens: a cruel old scoundrel, one of the opposition who had been heard to say: "We cannot be rid of Wise until we kill that boy of his."

Jennings laughed at my joke, but I saw he was sad and depressed. He had no grudge against Clemens, and it grieved him to think he might have killed him. Fortunately, Clemens recovered, although he limped through life. Many years afterward one of the surgeons told me that, after the first or second fire, Clemens, the challenger, expressed himself satisfied, and the party were about to leave the field when Clemens demanded another shot. Jennings looked surprised when he heard it and said: "So he wants my blood," and then the surgeon saw his lips tighten and a dangerous look in his eyes. At the next fire Clemens fell, pierced in the hip. So perhaps Jennings could, when he chose, shoot better than I thought he could.

That was his last duel, but Mr. Harvie told me many years afterward of a scene in the Democratic convention at Petersburg, in the early part of 1860, which showed Jennings' coolness and also greatly excited Mr. Harvie's admiration. Harvie and the Hunter men had control of the body. Ben Jackson, a friend of my father, tried to speak. A difficulty arose between Jack Seddon, a Hunter man, and Jackson. There were cries of "Put him out!" at Jackson, and a number of men started for the platform. At that moment a youngster sprang upon the platform, snatched a revolver from his pocket, laid it on the table in full sight of the convention, and commanded silence, which came suddenly. Then, placing his hands behind him, Jennings tossed back his ringlets and slowly exclaimed, amid deathlike silence:

"My name is O. Jennings Wise. I say he *shall* speak, and the man who attempts to lay his hands upon him will do so over my dead body! All we ask is fair play."

Jackson spoke. And the Hunter men carried the convention.

### The Death of a Hero

Two years later my brother died on the battlefield of Roanoke Island in command of the Richmond Blues. His single company defended a position against two regiments. He placed his men behind pine trees and walked back and forth behind them, under a murderous fire, speaking softly and saying: "Boys, reserve your fire until you see the whites of their eyes." Of course, he was shot. Borne off by his men, he expressed but one desire, and that was to see my father. His men endeavored to take him off in a boat to Nagshead, where my father lay desperately ill, but the Federals fired on them, inflicted other wounds, and they were compelled to return. Federal soldiers who witnessed his behavior—not one or two, but many—have told me that they never saw so cool a man, and Colonel Rush Hawkins, who was with him when he died, has told me that Jennings impressed him as one of the most lovable men he ever saw. He said he spoke but little during the twenty-four hours he lived. That he lay there placid, his lips sometimes moving as if in prayer. Once Hawkins asked him if he needed anything. Jennings shook his head, sighed and said:

"No, thank you. I cannot last long. My only regret is I have not a hundred lives to give to my country."

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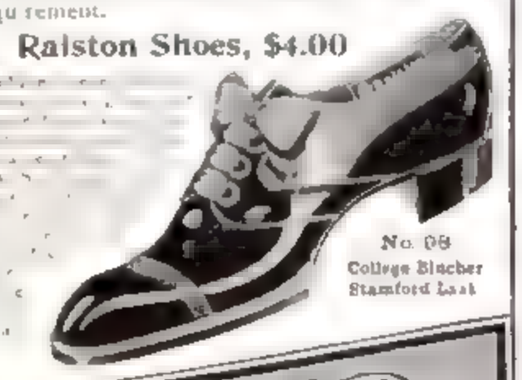


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And so he passed away—a character to be studied by those who pretend to despise the duelist.

Among the most amusing duels that occurred about this time were two fought on the same day by poor Harry Riddleberger. He was one of the brightest young lawyers ever produced in Virginia, one of the group of young Virginians who broke away from the machine in the days of Mahone. The loss of Judge Berger was a severe one to the old party and they felt very bitter against him. Somehow it was thought Riddleberger would not fight. But he did. He was challenged by George D. Wise, of Richmond, and by Richard F. Bierne, and he accepted both challenges.

The duel with George Wise came off first and was quite a success. Neither combatant could hit a barn door with a pistol. So, after cutting the leaves out of the neighboring trees for a while, they shook hands, and Riddleberger went off to keep his second appointment. Bierne was said to be a very good shot. But, unfortunately, when the principals were ready to fight in a secluded spot a long distance from everywhere, it was discovered that neither had any caps for the pistols and the duel went off somewhere indefinitely. The friends of the combatants teased them, and their enemies sneered at them unmercifully. Riddleberger laughed it off but Bierne took it much to heart and came near having half a dozen other duels about it.

Concerning myself I must answer as the Texan did when he was asked if he had ever had a drink. "A few," was the laconic reply, as he prepared for another. I had a few troubles of my own, but "that is neither here nor there," as the witness, testifying to John's character, said when asked if he had not been arrested for chicken-stealing himself.

Suffice it to say that in the year 1880, just after a duel in which nobody was hurt and without any difficulties brewing anywhere, I began to reflect upon the fact that I was poor, with a devoted wife and a large family of young children. If, in one of these foolish enterprises, I should be taken from them I might ruin the prospects in life of a lot of fine boys, and leave my wife and children to suffer for long years for my failure in duty to them. It seemed to me to be more cowardly to subject them to this danger than it was to refuse to fight a duel. If I had not, by that time, in the War and in sundry private encounters, demonstrated my courage, I was not likely thereafter to convince skeptics. So I announced publicly that I was a reformed duelist and that I intended to be good thenceforth. Well, I presume I was right to do so. Certainly it has had a good effect in the community. I believe many people were waiting for somebody to take that stand. On the whole, I am satisfied. But I will frankly confess that there have been times when I have regretted that announcement bitterly, and when no pleasure in this world would have been greater than peeping at one or two cock-sparrow gentlemen along the barrel of a dueling pistol.

There were several who, until I tied my own leg, had been always civil. After that how I envy their tongues wagged! Well, thank Heaven, I had the strength to adhere to my resolve. No doubt it is all for the best.

We say that we are not getting better. We are. It is folly to call men cowards who fight duels. Of course, there are swash-bucklers, but I have known some of the bravest and best men in the world who fought duels and believed they were right. It was an error of education.

## The Happiness Place

*By Frank L. Stanton*

I

I heerd Bo' Trouble comin'—de night was long en late:
I heerd him shake de shutter—clink de ol' latch
I knows I kin by his floppin' shoes en raggedy [illegible]
Er, [illegible]" Dis de place, suh, Mister Happiness [illegible]"

II

Ho' [illegible] stan' dat sayin'! Rain drippin' fum his [illegible]
He shuffled off, en hollered back: "I clean mistook de place!"
Wid a lean wolf follerin' after, he went es quick es *dat!*
He know dey ain't no room fer him whar Happiness live at

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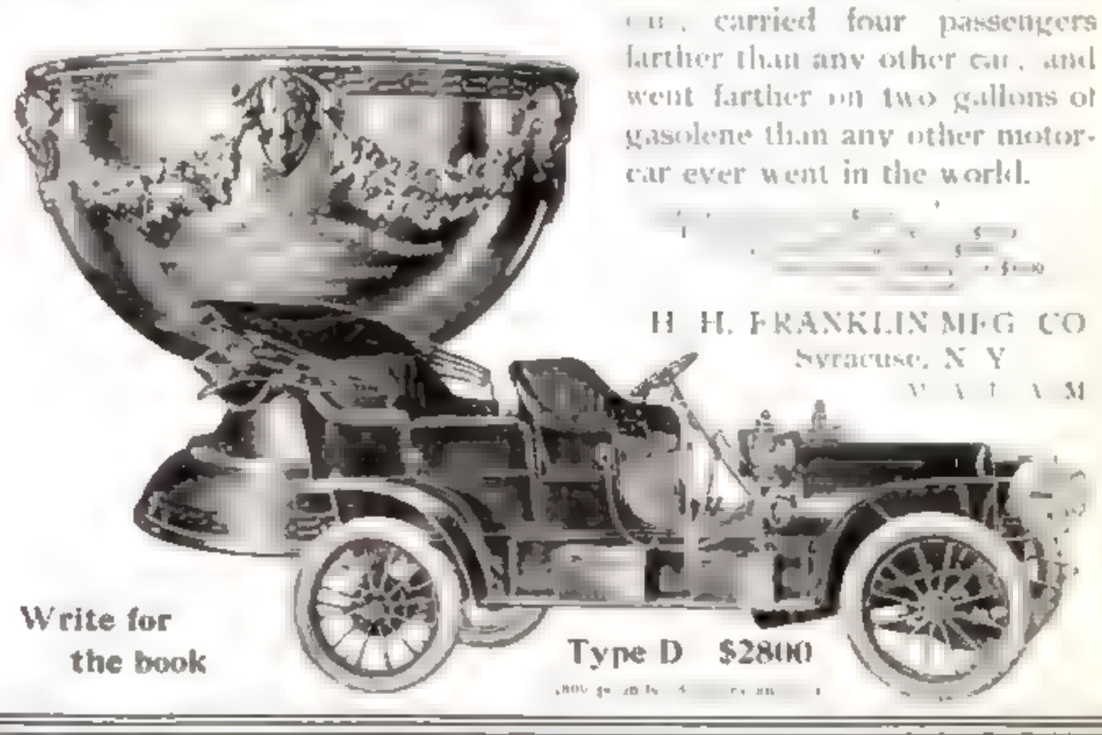

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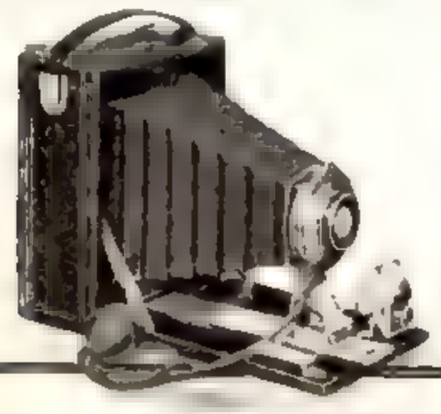

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# "THE INTERNATIONAL"

(Concluded from Page 7)

I did not tell her then that Drusilla and I had already had the refusal of him. I felt that it would hardly have been kind to Georgie, and a delighted chorus of laughter from his friends made his face flame as it was.

But he said no more. He merely set his teeth and crossed to where Taffy scowled and nestled in Diana's youthful arms. With tearful eyes she looked up at him; a dainty Dresden-china shepherdess of a girl. Drusilla told me afterward that the little Puritan whispered something to console him, something about doing the right thing as it came in your way, however hard it was. She finished up, Drusilla told me, with a reference to the straight and narrow path, and this unusual advice seemed to soothe and encourage Georgie.

"Take that child away at once," said his mother. "My dear boy, you must be mad! He ought to have been asleep hours ago. We will discuss the matter more fully in the morning. Diana, give him to Georgie. Really, without prejudice, I think I never saw a more disagreeable-looking child."

Diana gave him up with reluctance.

"His head is burning," said she anxiously, "and his little feet are like ice. When Dickie had the measles——"

There was a general shriek. Georgie laughed shortly, and took poor Taffy from the girl.

"Little chap," he murmured to her with a dejected laugh. "He'll play for his county some day. These beggars won't jeer at him then. He can kick now like anything. Been practicing on my shins. You're a brick, Diana, but it's a beastly hard-hearted world."

"I've got brothers of my own," said Diana gravely.

She was a queer little lady.

. . . . . .

Looking for late roses for Drusilla's table the next day, I heard a familiar shout from the gate: Georgie.

"Come in!" I called.

"I can't. You come here, Martin. I want to speak to you."

In some surprise, I went down the path to him. His face was pale, but in spite of his pallor he carried a triumphant air.

"Well?" I asked breathlessly.

"Whew!" said he, taking off his hat to let the autumn breeze cool his forehead. "We've had a hot morning."

I laughed. "I rather thought you would," said I. "Come in and tell Drusilla about it."

"No," said Georgie. "I can't. Little chap's ill."

"Ill?"

"Yes. That ass Borricole came sniffing round this morning and found it out. Old fool's a phrenologist, or some such rot, and he wanted to feel the boy's bumps with a view to adopting the kid himself. Thought he'd like to do me out of his money, I suppose. I wish he would; I don't want his ill-gotten gains, old sweep. He pinched and prodded poor old Taffy till he roared, and then told my mother the child was an incipient criminal of the lowest possible type."

I laughed.

"Poor little boy!" said I. "I suppose that put the finishing touch to the affair?"

"You don't know my mother," said he. "She meant before that to pack us off together by the first train. If old Borricole's verdict did anything, it weakened her. She doesn't believe in him, you see—at least not as a phrenologist. He examined me when I was a youngster, and told her I should grow up a dreamy, thoughtful scholar: sort of Miss Nancy, don't you know? My mother was furious, and now she always believes the exact opposite of what he tells her—of people's characters."

"You say the boy is ill?"

Georgie's face lengthened.

"Borricole noticed how flushed he was, and pulled his mouth open as if he'd been a puppy or a horse. Said his tonsils and larynx were inflamed. I don't suppose he knows anything about it, but old Taffy bit at him like a good 'un. Made him yell, I can tell you. Borricole said he was a little devil—told my mother he was sickening for something catching, and fled the scene. We've sent for the doctor, but he hasn't come yet, and I thought I'd come round and tell you to keep away. I shouldn't like old muffin-face to run any risks."

"Thank you," said I. I shouldn't have expected so much forethought. "Let me know the verdict."

Georgie rooted up a tuft of grass with his stick.

"I noticed that the poor little chap tossed about a good deal in the night," said he, "but I thought that might be the usual thing in a five-year-old. How was I to guess it meant a temperature? When you come to think of it, it was rather awkward—my plunging him into the middle of all those people last night."

I thought uneasily of Drusilla who had hugged him—of our baby who had been hugged by Drusilla directly afterward.

Georgie, however, chuckled.

"They'll all be in fits for a fortnight," said he, "waiting for their rashes to come out. Serve 'em right."

"What about you?" said I.

"Oh, I'm all right!" he answered lightly. "I've had everything over and over again."

"And the Goddess Girl? How does *she* like the idea?"

Georgie's face fell, and he looked away across the fields.

"Girls," said he, "are curious things. It's all off with Phillida."

"Off?" I asked in surprise. "What?"

"Our engagement. She's off, too."

"Georgie!"

"Yes," said Georgie, "by the midday train. Refused to see me at all, and left a note. Says she's only one complexion and means to keep it. Says she doesn't mean to begin housekeeping with a ready-made family. Says she's been thinking things over, and on the whole she doesn't consider that Englishmen make enough fuss of their wives. Says she likes the Yankee style of husband best."

"Poor old chap." I had plenty of real sympathy for a man who had possessed the Goddess Girl—and lost her. "I'm very sorry," said I earnestly.

Georgie's eyes, on the distant horizon, were dreamy.

"Well," he said at last, "I'm not sure. A woman should be womanly. Don't you think so, Martin?"

But the labyrinth of Georgie's affections was beyond me, and seeing that no more was forthcoming I sent him home.

At night he came again in the lowest spirits.

"Diphtheria!" cried he from the other side of the lane.

I whistled. "Poor little chap!"

"Yes," said he slowly. "They rammed in antitoxin at once, but he's very ill."

"Who's nursing him?"

Georgie's face lit up.

"Why, my mother. She's splendid. Turned every one out of the room and put an apron on. The doctor wanted to wire for an ambulance to have him carried off to the hospital, but she won't hear of it. Says it brings back me and the measles, and she's not going to let the child go for a four-mile drive with a temperature like that. Says she's going to fight the beastly thing for all it's worth. Little Diana Leigh wanted to stay and help to nurse. *She's* not afraid of infection. She's nursed her brothers through everything, and *likes* it."

"Oh!" said I. I was beginning to see. His enthusiasm was enlightening.

"They won't let her, of course, but she'll stay in the other part of the house till there's no fear of infection for her brothers. She's a jolly good sort."

"Oh!" said I again.

"Yes." Georgie blushed and went away, promising to let me have news the first thing in the morning.

When the news came it was bad. In the afternoon it was worse. But not till Sunday morning did I understand how thoroughly the difficulty as to the disposal of poor Taffy had melted away.

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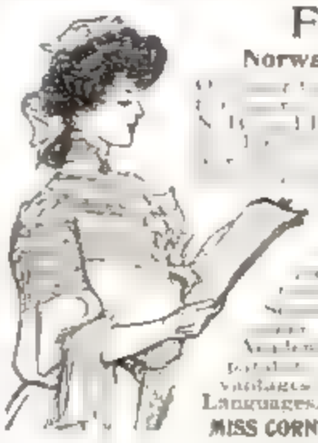
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# An Accidental Plutocrat

Continued from Page 15

Mr. Cleve, being a philosopher, capitulated after a time, thus selling his glorious prospects for a mess of pottage—and he owed for the pottage!

*IX*

WHEN the bungalow was finished, it completely dwarfed the Hugg tent, but, in spite of its magnificence, Mr. Vanstarvesynt winced as he paid for it, looking out over the lake for the prow of the Capricorn. It did not appear in time to save him, and his fingers reluctantly released the money.

"And the cots, now: I imagine that we have them about paid for," suggested Mr. Vanstarvesynt.

"You've paid me more than I offered to sell them to you for in the first place," admitted Mr. Doty, "but that was rent, according to agreement, and that's the only way you can have those cots. But I'll tell you what I'll do: I've saved up poles and branches for the purpose, and I'll make you a complete outfit of furniture for two hundred dollars more—six rustic chairs, a porch settee, a porch table, an inside table, two washstands and three beds, and that would be mighty cheap, even back home."

"Doubtless it would be," admitted Mr. Vanstarvesynt, "but," and he flushed, "the truth of the matter is that I am nearly out of ready funds."

It was a most distressing position—for a Vanstarvesynt—but Mr. Doty was delighted. Things had come to the point for which he had been hoping.

"Well," said he, "what's the difference? I guess your credit's good for anything you want."

"Thank you," said Mr. Vanstarvesynt with dignity. "You may make the furniture for us at once."

Credit being thus established, the Vanstarvesynts immediately began to patronize the General Store. Mrs. Vanstarvesynt, with great presence of mind, bought up all the paper napkins at a most astounding price. The opportunity was not to be neglected. It was not a glittering opportunity, to be sure—Mrs. Vanstarvesynt would scarcely have taken notice of an opportunity so tawdry as to glitter—but it had a very comfortable and satisfactory sheen, especially when one stopped to consider that Mrs. Hugg had overlooked it.

Having deigned to inspect his stock, Mrs. Vanstarvesynt immediately became Mr. Doty's star customer. She bought up all his brown and blue denims, all his calico, all the brass finger-rings and steel watch-chains, and the seven bolts of cheap, ugly red ribbon that had failed to sell back home, even at the unheard-of price of sixteen cents per ten-yard bolt!

Mrs. Vanstarvesynt kept Gertrude at home with her for three days, and at the end of that period of mystery announced a function. It was to be a very select function, only the Huggs being invited.

Mrs. Hugg, all unwarned, gasped as she entered the bungalow. The floor was carpeted with the smooth, firm brown denims. The walls and ceiling were covered with blue denims. Just under the ceiling ran a broad frieze of the brown, and on this, stretching entirely around the walls and sweeping from rosette to rosette, were double festoons of twisted red ribbon, rosettes and festoons no longer of hideous color, but softened into beauty by their brown background.

Mrs. Hugg was dumb in the face of this magnificent ingenuity, and Mrs. Vanstarvesynt was, no doubt, very sorry to think that she had given her guests such an uncomfortable feeling of inferiority. Very sorry indeed. She did not show it, however.

The function itself was a very correct affair. There were no trivial games or commonplace entertainments, and the luncheon was of that quiet and conservative elegance which whets the appetite for the contents of the pantry at home, but the conversation was most uplifting—what there was of it.

Master Belmont especially was satisfied with the conversation. When one is thoroughly satisfied with anything, one does not want very much more of it. Master Belmont slipped out of the door, as soon as he thought he dared, and joined


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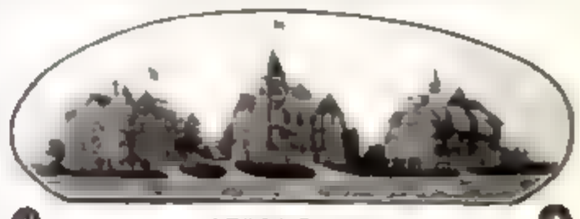

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Master Jimmy, who had been whistling for him for over ten minutes. The boys, for three nights now, had been after an owl which, infesting one particular dead limb, hooted most tantalizingly in the moonlight, and Jimmy had finally succeeded in "hooking" enough elastic from the General Store to make a couple of dandy slingshots.

Mr. Steven Hugg and Miss Gertrude Vanstarvesynt edged out on the porch by-and-by, and hunted the nobodies who were back of the Doty tent, playing cribbage in the light that streamed from within.

"It took us a long time to manœuvre it, but we finally got away," said Gertrude. "Come on and take a walk. This moonlight is too lovely to waste."

The other couple were not at all jealous at having been left out of the function, and, to prove that there was not a particle of envy in their souls, they were unnecessarily jolly. They also stuck persistently together, allowing the two in evening dress to walk on ahead. Two, three, four turns they had taken up and down the silver-flooded beach, when there was a tremendous commotion. The two boys dashed out of the woods and came yelling and howling down across the valley to the beach, bursting in among the quartette like a bunch of ignited firecrackers.

"Injuns!" yelled Jimmy, pointing backward.

"What's that?" demanded Steven Hugg, immediately changing partners and grasping Grace Doty firmly by the forearm. She allowed him to remain in this security-promising attitude. Miss Vanstarvesynt found G. Russell Cleve miraculously beside her and clutched fast to his sleeve.

"Back there!" gasped Jimmy. "Up by the rocks! Three of 'em!"

Master Belmont solemnly nodded his head, looking expectantly at Jimmy all the while.

"They sneaked along an' sneaked along, an' when they saw us they hid," continued Jimmy, sinking his voice and pausing with fine dramatic effect.

Master Belmont, his eyes fixed in fascination upon Jimmy's, nodded affirmatively.

"We seen their bows an' arrows stickin' out from behine th' trees, an' we run," the breathless Jimmy went on. "I think they shot at us. I heard somethin' whizz!"

Master Belmont was regarding Master Jimmy with worshipful admiration, but nodded his head religiously at every statement. The Dotys had come running from their tent. The Function moved out, *en masse*, to see what was the matter.

"We must take prompt action," said Steven Hugg. "We must stand guard, night and day, with Mr. Doty's rifle. I shall take the first watch."

He felt a slight but convulsive pressure upon his arm where it was hooked within Miss Doty's, and unconsciously squared back his already aggressive shoulders.

"Stevie the Hero!" said Mr. Cleve with friendly envy. "I had intended to grandstand a little myself, but he beat me. Well, I'm no knocker."

In fatherly thoughtfulness, Mr. Doty had gone to bring in the Romance from the moonlit rocks. Mr. Swain, awakened by much careful and patient explanation, suddenly became a raging lion. He, and not Steven Hugg, became the real hero of the moment. He seized Mr. Doty's gun and dashed off toward the forest in a terrific frenzy, bent upon exterminating every Indian in Pike's Cove before morning, lest one should appear and frighten his Ida. His Ida flew and caught him. She hung around his neck and effectually impeded him. It was a powerful scene.

At this breathless moment some one discovered Jimmy Doty and Master Belmont rolling in convulsions on the grass behind the Doty tent. They had handkerchiefs stuffed in their mouths, and were holding their stomachs.

"Jimmy, come with me!" commanded Mr. Doty after a thoughtful moment, and, as Jimmy was too weak to move without assistance, he helped the boy. Shortly after, a succession of loud, smacking sounds bulged out the sides of the Doty tent.

"I never had a whipping in my life," half-enviously observed Master Belmont.

"You ought to be rewarded at last," said Steven Hugg, chuckling. "And so there were no Indians, after all!"

"No, sir," admitted Master Belmont with a grin of satisfaction. "We had agreed, though, to stick to it forever that there were, but Jimmy had to laugh, and when he laughed I laughed. He's a wonderful chap. We thought it no more than fair.


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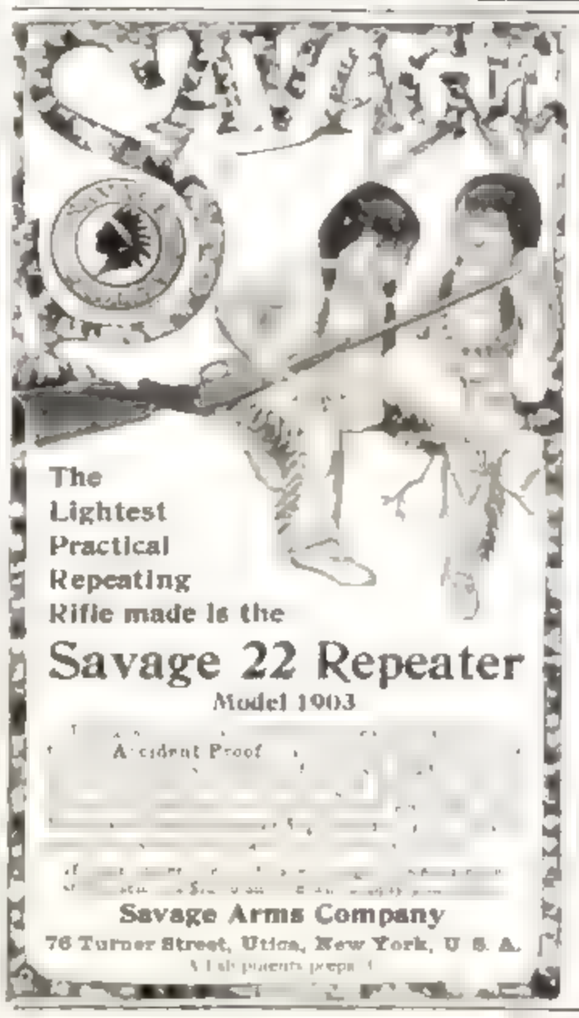

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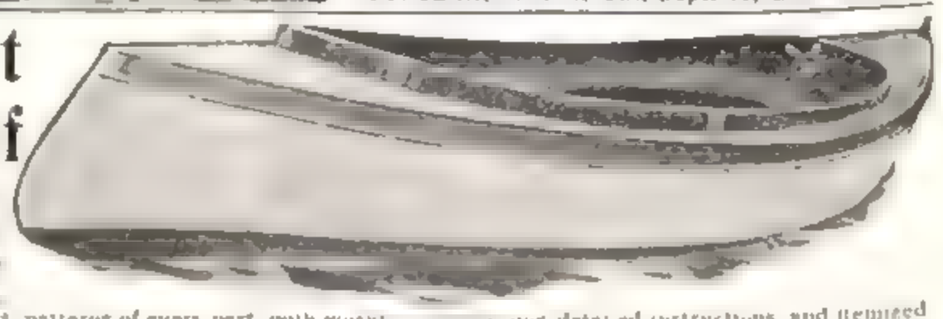

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you know, having broken up Mrs. Hugg's affair with a fight, to break ours up with a [illegible]."

"Belmont, I am annoyed!" said his stern father.

"I was afraid that you would be, sir," admitted his son, and then G. Russell Cleve brutally guffawed.

When the colony had quieted down for the night, two couples were left walking up and down the beach, enjoying the splendid moonlight, but the couples walked a trifle farther from each other than they had earlier in the evening.

*X*

THE conviction slowly became general that Captain Pike would never return and that their restoration to the world must depend upon themselves.

The matter of getting away from the cove came up during the fishing session one morning.

"We can leave here almost any time we like," Steven remarked. "All I have to do is to swim across the lake and through the passage, leave a big flag, or some sort of a signal, there, and in less than a week there will be a rowboat nosing around to find out what is the matter. I'll do it to-day if you will just say the word. But there will have to be a radical change in our present relations, and I should want it to begin in the first church we came to in Valparaiso."

"That is impossible," declared the fisher-maid as the result of several nights of deliberation on the subject of apparent fortune-hunting. Then she baited her hook with her handkerchief and tucked a minnow into her blouse.

"Then we will stay here indefinitely," he announced.

"If we could only do that——" she began impulsively, then stopped and colored and ran into the tent to rescue that minnow—and the next morning Jimmy did the fishing.

The Hugg bungalow was now built and furnished, and the Dotys at last took possession of their own tent, very much to the annoyance of Mrs. Vanstarvesant. It had looked cheap and common as the residence of the Huggs, alongside of her own dignified home, but now, with the duplicate bungalows on either side of it, the white tent again loomed up prominently.

And Mr. Doty himself was not quite so insignificant now. The entire colony was existing upon a credit basis, Mr. Doty having quietly and persistently annexed every dollar of cash in the place, and having no incentive for putting any of them into circulation. Mr. Hugg held out the longest of all, but at last even his plethoric pocketbook became drained.

"I'm out of money, Doty," he cheerfully observed one morning. "You'll just have to take my I. O. U.'s until we get out of this."

"I'll open an account for you right away," said Mr. Doty with great satisfaction, and he put Mr. Hugg's name down in the book over which he now pored with nightly increasing joy.

Mr. G. Russell Cleve was the only person who had the distinction of being on the Doty books as a creditor. Roused into action by his first disastrous tilt with the merchant, he had gone to work as a salesman and, by devoting about two hours a day to talk, had sold Mr. Doty, at par, five shares of future stock in the parent Pike's Cove Company, as a consequence of which he was now living in idle complacency upon what Mr. Doty owed him. It was a profound satisfaction to Mr. Cleve, being the first time he had ever been able to make a mere "wind proposition" yield him an actual living. His satisfaction was almost equal to that of Mr. Doty, but not quite, of course. It makes a man feel as if he amounted to something to possess every dollar there is in a community!

It was about this time that the first storm of their occupancy visited them, raging all through the night, and in the morning there was a distinct quake of the earth, accompanied by terrific grinding and splitting sounds. The little lake leaped and danced in commotion, springing to a watery mountain in the centre and then receding to the shore, spreading up to the very bungalows, fully fifteen feet above the normal tide-level. An hour passed before the commotion ceased.

"Oh, it don't amount to much!" advised Mr. Swain, jarred for the moment back to the world of actualities. "It's only one of the little quakes they have every once in a while along the Andes. When it gets

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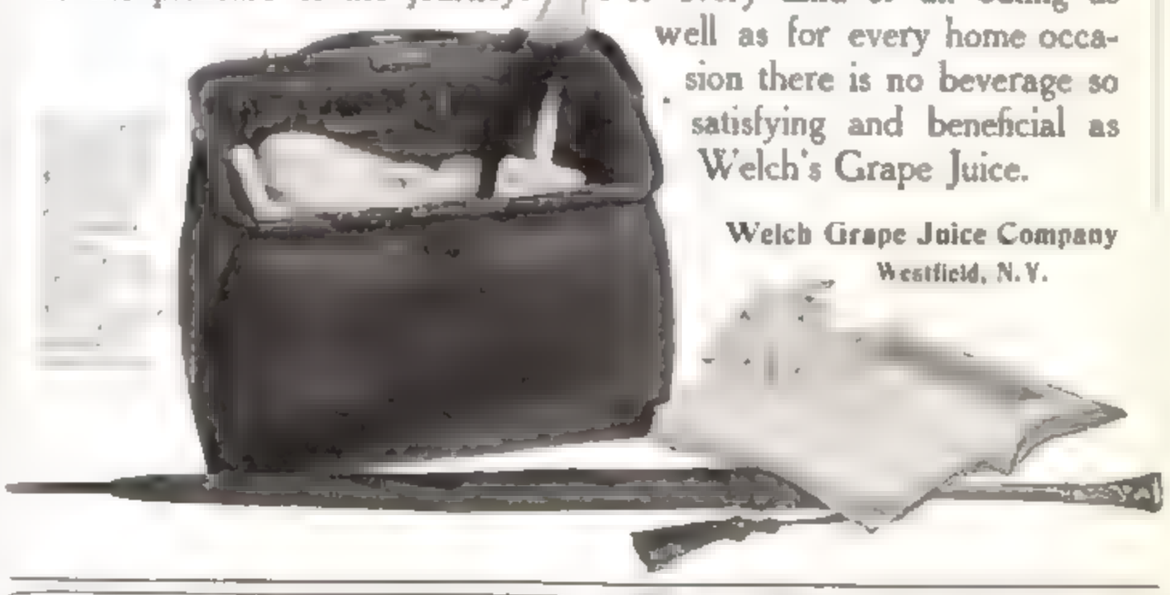

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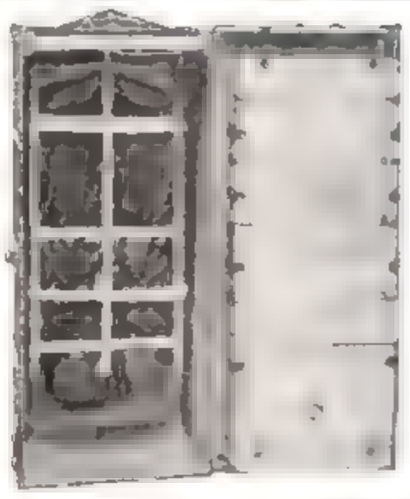

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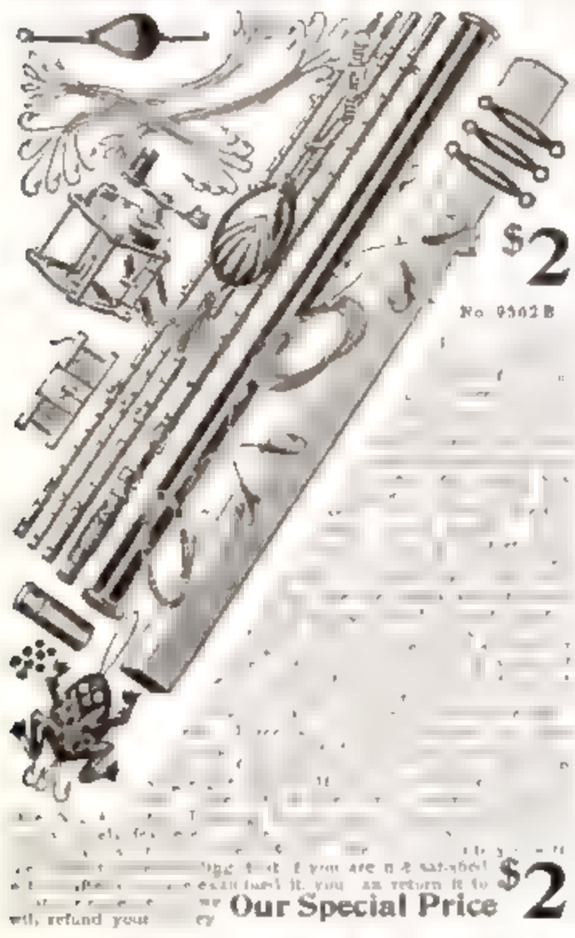

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The sun was shining brightly and the clear little lake seemed to be quite ashamed of its former eccentric behavior, when Jimmy Doty spied a strange-looking piece of splintered white wood bobbing about where the tortuous passage led into the open sea. Steven donned his bathing-suit and swam out to it, and the moment he reached it he set up a shout that startled the watchers on shore. He managed, with some exertion, to tip the unwieldy piece of lumber on edge for an instant, and there, in staring black letters, they made out the word "Capricorn!"

The awkward bit of lumber had been a portion of the little steamer's gunwale!

There was no cheering as Steven rode the fateful piece of wreckage to the beach, but the news he had to tell them was even more serious.

"*The passage is closed!*" he panted when he had reached them. "We are prisoners here, possibly forever!"

The passage closed! Breathless silence fell upon the group. Mr. Vanstarvesynt feebly murmured that he was annoyed, but no one paid any attention to him.

"I figure it out in this way," Steven went on: "The Capricorn was evidently wrecked last night, although she might possibly have been shot to pieces before. No matter which, this piece of wreckage drifted in here during the storm, and the passage was closed this morning by the earthquake. That cleft in the cliff was probably forced open by a former disturbance, and now this one has brought the jaws together again as tight as a drum." Another moment of stunned silence followed, and then he turned to Grace Doty with sparkling eyes. "And so our stay here is likely to be for a lifetime, after all!" he exclaimed, and had advanced a stride in her direction when a calm observation from Mr. Doty stopped him, and, in fact, gave food for reflection to every one of them.

"Well, folks," he remarked to the general assemblage, "I guess this stops any such a thing as credit, and changes the entire commercial system of Pike's Cove! Grace, put those things back you were bringing out for the store!"

Like a flash it occurred to Steven and all the rest of them that Mr. Doty was now the rich man of the colony, and that the others were mere paupers, every one!

But it was Mrs. Doty who first fully recognized the vast extent of this change. Quietly she slipped away from the group and disappeared into the Doty tent. In twenty minutes, while the others were still in little knots on the beach discussing the calamity, she reappeared in her best black alpaca dress and sat down on a camp stool in front of the tent, comfortably fanning herself.

"Grace," she called to her daughter, who had nervously returned to her work as a diversion from her distracting thoughts, "for goodness' sake, come in and primp up your hair and put on a better dress. What *are* you thinking about to be dabbling your hands in the suds, and you one of the high society leaders of Pike's Cove? I am annoyed!"

The Huggs and the Vanstarvesynts dispersed thoughtfully to their homes.

Far-seeing as Mr. Doty had become under the sunshine of opportunity, he had not appreciated this development, and he approached his wife with a half-sheepish grin.

"I don't suppose you intend to keep boarders any more, Martha," he observed.

"By no means, William," she answered with impressive dignity. "I don't intend to do a living thing from now on. You must see about getting me a hired girl. I guess I know what becomes my position. But land, land, William, I never did expect to be a regular top-notcher like this!" She mused wonderingly for a moment, and then her eyes suddenly twinkled and she leaned forward with a happy laugh. "Kiss me, paw," she commanded, and he did it.

About an hour later a big placard was hung up in front of the Doty tent, and this is what was printed upon it:

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# THE FIGHTING CHANCE

*(Continued from Page 17)*

have been. Now you can appreciate it, can't you?—your wisdom in appearing in the flesh to save a silly girl the effort of evoking you in the spirit! Ah, Mr. Siward, I am vastly obliged to you! Pray sit here beside me in the flesh, for fear that in your absence I might commit the folly that tempted me here."

His low, running laughter accompanying her voice had stimulated her to a gay audacity, which for the instant extinguished in her the little fear of him she had been barely conscious of.

"Do you know," he said, "that you also aroused me from my sun-dreams?"

"Did I? And can't you resume them?"

"You save me the necessity."

"Oh, that is a second-hand compliment," she said disdainfully—"a weak plagiarism on what I conveyed very wittily. You were probably really asleep, and dreaming of bird-murder."

He waited for her to finish, then, amused eyes searching, he roamed about until high on a little drifted sand-dune he found a place for himself; and, while she watched him indignantly, he curled up in the sunshine, and, dropping his head on the hot sand, calmly closed his eyes.

"Upon — my — word!" she breathed aloud.

He unclosed his eyes. "Now you may dream; you can't avoid it," he observed lazily, and closed his eyes; and neither taunts nor jeers nor questions, nor fragments of shells flung with intent to hit, stirred him from his immobility.

She tired of the attempt presently, and sat silent, elbows on her thighs, hands propping her chin. Thoughts, vague as the fitful breeze, arose, lingered, and, like the breeze, faded, dissolved into calm, through which, cadenced by the far beat of the ebb tide, her heart echoed, beating the steady intervals of time.

She had not meant to dream, but as she sat there the fine-spun golden threads flying from the whirling loom of dreams floated about her, settling over her, entangling her in unseen meshes, so that she stirred, groping amid the netted brightness, drawn onward along dim paths and through corridors of thought where, always beyond, vague splendors seemed to beckon.

Now lost, now restless, conscious of the perils of the shining path she followed, the rhythm of an ocean soothing her to false security, she dreamed on awake, unconscious of the tinted sea and sky which stained her eyes to hues ineffable A long while afterward a small cloud floated across the sun; and, in the sudden shadow on the world, doubt sounded its tiny voice, and her ears listened, and the enchantment faded and died away.

Turning, she looked across the sand at the man lying there; her eyes considered him—how long she did not know, she did not heed—until, stirring, he looked up; and she paled a trifle and closed her eyes, stunned by the sudden clamor of pulse and heart.

When he rose and walked over she looked up gravely, pouring the last handful of white sand through her stretched fingers.

"Did you dream?" he asked lightly.

"Yes."

"Did you dream true?"

"Nothing of my dream can happen," she said. "*You* know that, . . . don't you?"

"I know that we love, . . . and that we dare not ignore it."

She suffered his arm about her, his eyes looking deeply into hers—a close, sweet caress, a union of lips, and her dimmed eyes' response.

"Stephen," she faltered, "how can you make it so hard for me? How can you force me to this shame!"

"Shame?" he repeated vaguely.

"Yes—this treachery to myself—when I cannot hope to be more to you—when I dare not love you too much!"

"You must dare, Sylvia!"

"No, no, no! I know myself, I tell you. I cannot give up what is offered—for *you!*—dearly, dearly as I do love you!" She turned and caught his hands in hers, flushed, trembling, unstrung. "I cannot—I simply cannot! How can you love me and listen to such wickedness? How can you still care for such a girl as I am—worse than mercenary, because I have a heart—or had,


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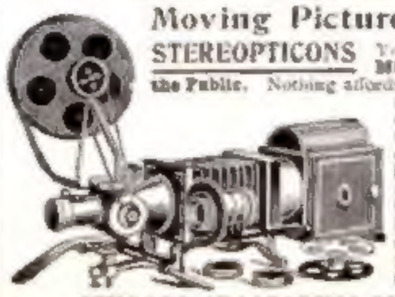

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until you took it! Keep it; it is the only part of me not all ignoble."

"I will keep it—in trust," he said, "until you give yourself with it."

But she only shook her head wearily, withdrawing her hands from his, and for a time they sat silent, eyes apart.

Then—"There is another reason," she said wistfully.

He looked up at her, hesitated, and—"My habits?" he asked simply.

"Yes."

"I have them in check."

"Are you—certain?"

"I think I may be—now."

"Yet," she said timidly, "you lost one fight—since you knew me."

The dull red mantling his face wrung her heart. She turned impulsively and laid both hands on his shoulders. "*That* chance I would take, with all its uncertainty, all the dread inheritance you have come into. I love you enough for that; and if it turned out that—that you could not stem the tide, even with me to face it with you; and if the pity of it, the grief of it, killed me, I would take that chance—if you loved me through it all. . . . But there is something else. Hush; let me have my say while I find the words—something else you do not understand. . . . Turn your face a little; please don't look at me. This is what you do *not* know—that, in three generations, every woman of my race has—gone wrong. . . . *Every one!* and I am beginning—with such a marriage! . . . deliberately, selfishly, shamelessly, perfectly conscious of the frivolous, erratic blood in me, aware of the race record behind me.

"Once, when I knew nothing—before I—I met you—I believed such a marriage would not only permit me mental tranquillity, but safely anchor me in the harbor of convention, leaving me free to become what I am fashioned to become—autocrat and arbiter in my own world. And now! And now! I don't know—truly I don't know what I may become. Your love forces my hand. I am displaying all the shallowness, falseness, pettiness, all the mean and cruel and callous character which must be truly my real self. . . . Only I shall not marry you! *You* are not to run the risk of what I might prove to be *when I remember in bitterness all I have renounced.* If I married you I should remember, unreconciled, what you cost me. Better for you and for me that I marry him, and let him bear with me when I remember that he cost me *you!*"

She bent over, almost double, closing her eyes with small, clenched hands; and he saw the ring shimmering in the sunshine, and her hair, heavily, densely gold, and the white nape of her neck, and the tiny, close-set ears, and the curved softness of cheek and chin; every smooth, childlike contour and mould—rounded arms, slim, flowing lines of body and limb—all valued at many millions by her as her own appraiser.

Suddenly, deep within him, something seemed to fail, die out—perhaps a tiny, newly-lighted flame of unaccustomed purity, the dawning flicker of aspiration to better things. Whatever it was, material, spiritual, was gone now, and where it had glimmered for a night the old accustomed twilit doubt crept in—the same dull acquiescence—the same uncertainty of self, the familiar lack of will, of incentive, the congenial tendency to drift; and with it came weariness—perhaps it was reaction from the recent skirmishes with that master-vice.

"I suppose," he said in a dull voice, "you are right."

"No, I am wrong—wrong!" she said, lifting her lovely face and heavy eyes. "But I have chosen my path. . . . And *you* will forget."

"I hope so," he said simply.

"If you hope so, you will."

He nodded, unconvinced, watching a flock of sandpipers whirling into the cove like a gray snow-squall and fearlessly settling on the beach.

After a while, with a long breath: "Then it is settled," she concluded.

If she expected corroboration from him she received none; and perhaps she was not awaiting it. She sat very still, her eyes lost in thought.

And Mortimer, peeping down at them over the thicket above, yawned impatiently, and glanced about him for the most convenient avenue of self-effacement when the time arrived.

(TO BE CONTINUED)


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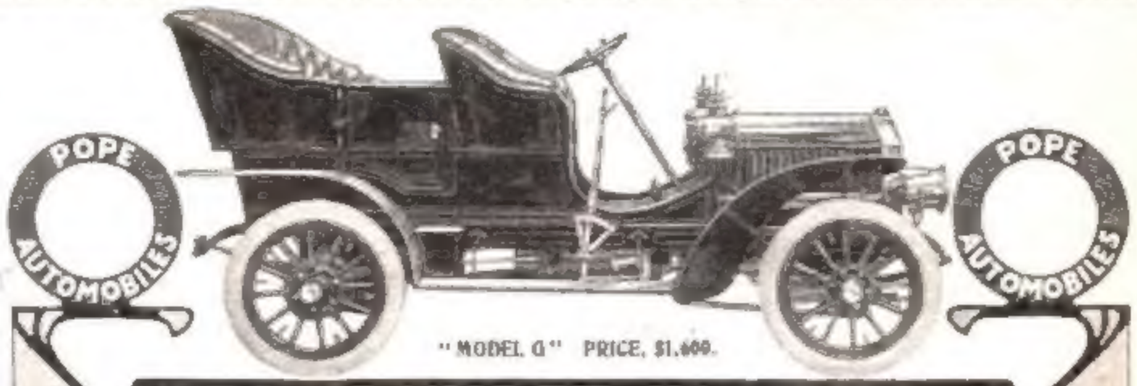


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